

"THE STORY OF OUR LIVES FROM YEAR TO YEAR."—SHAKESPEARE.

ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

N^o. 483.]

SATURDAY, JULY 25, 1868.

[PRICE 2d.]

THE MOONSTONE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE WOMAN IN WHITE," &c. &c.

SECOND PERIOD. THE DISCOVERY OF THE TRUTH. (1848—1849.)

FOURTH NARRATIVE.

The Journal of Ezra Jennings (Concluded).

THE first and foremost question, is the question of Mr. Blake's health.

So far as it is possible for me to judge, he promises (physically speaking) to be quite as susceptible to the action of the opium to-night, as he was at this time last year. He is, this afternoon, in a state of nervous sensitiveness which just stops short of nervous irritation. He changes colour readily; his hand is not quite steady; and he starts at chance noises, and at unexpected appearances of persons and things.

These results have all been produced by deprivation of sleep, which is in its turn the nervous consequence of a sudden cessation in the habit of smoking, after that habit has been carried to an extreme. Here are the same causes at work again, which operated last year; and here are, apparently, the same effects. Will the parallel still hold good, when the final test has been tried? The events of the night must decide.

While I write these lines, Mr. Blake is amusing himself at the billiard table in the inner hall, practising different strokes in the game, as he was accustomed to practise them when he was a guest in this house in June last. I have brought my journal here, partly with a view to occupying the idle hours which I am sure to have on my hands between this and to-morrow morning; partly in the hope that something may happen which it may be worth my while to place on record at the time.

Have I omitted any thing, thus far? A glance at yesterday's entry shows me that I have forgotten to note the arrival of the morning's post. Let me set this right, before I close these leaves for the present, and join Mr. Blake.

I received a few lines then, yesterday, from Miss Verinder. She has arranged to travel by the afternoon train, as I recommended. Mrs. Merridew has insisted on accompanying her. The note hints that the old lady's generally

excellent temper is a little ruffled, and requests all due indulgence for her, in consideration of her age and her habits. I will endeavour, in my relations with Mrs. Merridew, to emulate the moderation which Betteredge displays in his relations with me. He received us to-day, portentously arrayed in his best black suit, and his stiffest white cravat. Whenever he looks my way, he remembers that I have not read Robinson Crusoe since I was a child, and he respectfully pities me.

Yesterday, also, Mr. Blake had the lawyer's answer. Mr. Bruff accepts the invitation—under protest. It is, he thinks, clearly necessary that a gentleman possessed of the average allowance of common sense, should accompany Miss Verinder to the scene of, what he will venture to call, the proposed exhibition. For want of a better escort, Mr. Bruff himself will be that gentleman.—So here is poor Miss Verinder provided with two "chaperons." It is a relief to think that the opinion of the world must surely be satisfied with this!

Nothing has been heard of Sergeant Cuff. He is no doubt still in Ireland. We must not expect to see him to-night.

Betteredge has just come in, to say that Mr. Blake has asked for me. I must lay down my pen for the present.

* * * * *
Seven o'clock.—We have been all over the refurnished rooms and staircases again; and we have had a pleasant stroll in the shrubbery which was Mr. Blake's favourite walk when he was here last. In this way, I hope to revive the old impressions of places and things as vividly as possible in his mind.

We are now going to dine, exactly at the hour at which the birthday dinner was given last year. My object, of course, is a purely medical one in this case. The laudanum must find the process of digestion, as nearly as may be, where the laudanum found it last year.

At a reasonable time after dinner, I propose to lead the conversation back again—as inartificially as I can—to the subject of the Diamond, and of the Indian conspiracy to steal it. When I have filled his mind with these topics, I shall have done all that it is in my power to do, before the time comes for giving him the second dose.

* * * * *
Half past eight.—I have only this moment found an opportunity of attending to the most

important duty of all; the duty of looking in the family medicine chest, for the laudanum which Mr. Candy used last year.

Ten minutes since, I caught Betteredge at an unoccupied moment, and told him what I wanted. Without a word of objection, without so much as an attempt to produce his pocket-book, he led the way (making allowances for me at every step) to the store-room in which the medicine chest was kept.

I found the bottle, carefully guarded by a glass stopper tied over with leather. The preparation of opium which it contained was, as I had anticipated, the common Tincture of laudanum. Finding the bottle still well filled, I have resolved to use it, in preference to employing either of the two preparations with which I had taken care to provide myself, in case of emergency.

The question of the quantity which I am to administer, presents certain difficulties. I have thought it over, and have decided on increasing the dose.

My notes inform me that Mr. Candy only administered twenty-five minims. This is a small dose to have produced the results which followed—even in the case of a person so sensitive as Mr. Blake. I think it highly probable that Mr. Candy gave more than he supposed himself to have given—knowing, as I do, that he has a keen relish of the pleasures of the table, and that he measured out the laudanum on the birthday, after dinner. In any case, I shall run the risk of enlarging the dose to forty minims. On this occasion, Mr. Blake knows beforehand that he is going to take the laudanum—which is equivalent, physiologically speaking, to his having (unconsciously to himself) a certain capacity in him to resist the effects. If my view is right, a larger quantity is therefore imperatively required, this time, to repeat the results which the smaller quantity produced, last year.

Ten o'clock.—The witnesses, or the company (which shall I call them?) reached the house an hour since.

A little before nine o'clock, I prevailed on Mr. Blake to accompany me to his bedroom; stating, as a reason, that I wished him to look round it, for the last time, in order to make quite sure that nothing had been forgotten in the refurnishing of the room. I had previously arranged with Betteredge, that the bedchamber prepared for Mr. Bruff should be the next room to Mr. Blake's, and that I should be informed of the lawyer's arrival by a knock at the door. Five minutes after the clock in the hall had struck nine, I heard the knock; and, going out immediately, met Mr. Bruff in the corridor.

My personal appearance (as usual) told against me. Mr. Bruff's distrust looked at me plainly enough out of Mr. Bruff's eyes. Being well used to producing this effect on strangers, I did not hesitate a moment in saying what I wanted to say, before the lawyer found his way into Mr. Blake's room.

"You have travelled here, I believe, in company with Mrs. Merridew and Miss Verinder?" I said.

"Yes," answered Mr. Bruff, as drily as might be.

"Miss Verinder has probably told you, that I wish her presence in the house (and Mrs. Merridew's presence of course), to be kept a secret from Mr. Blake, until my experiment on him has been tried first?"

"I know that I am to hold my tongue, sir!" said Mr. Bruff impatiently. "Being habitually silent on the subject of human folly, I am all the readier to keep my lips closed on this occasion. Does that satisfy you?"

I bowed, and left Betteredge to show him to his room. Betteredge gave me one look at parting, which said, as if in so many words, "You have caught a Tartar, Mr. Jennings—and the name of him is Bruff."

It was next necessary to get the meeting over with the two ladies. I descended the stairs—a little nervously, I confess—on my way to Miss Verinder's sitting-room.

The gardener's wife (charged with looking after the accommodation of the ladies) met me in the first floor corridor. This excellent woman treats me with an excessive civility, which is plainly the offspring of downright terror. She stares, trembles, and curtsies, whenever I speak to her. On my asking for Miss Verinder, she stared, trembled, and would no doubt have curtsied next, if Miss Verinder herself had not cut that ceremony short, by suddenly opening her sitting-room door.

"Is that Mr. Jennings?" she asked.

Before I could answer, she came out eagerly to speak to me in the corridor. We met under the light of a lamp on a bracket. At the first sight of me, Miss Verinder stopped, and hesitated. She recovered herself instantly, coloured for a moment—and then, with a charming frankness, offered me her hand.

"I can't treat you like a stranger, Mr. Jennings," she said. "Oh, if you only knew how happy your letters have made me!"

She looked at my ugly wrinkled face, with a bright gratitude so new to me in my experience of my fellow-creatures, that I was at a loss how to answer her. Nothing had prepared me for her kindness and her beauty. The misery of many years has not hardened my heart, thank God. I was as awkward and as shy with her, as if I had been a lad in my teens.

"Where is he now?" she asked, giving free expression to her one dominant interest—the interest in Mr. Blake. "What is he doing? Has he spoken of me? Is he in good spirits? How does he bear the sight of the house, after what happened in it last year? When are you going to give him the laudanum? May I see you pour it out? I am so interested; I am so excited—I have ten thousand things to say to you, and they all crowd together so that I don't know what to say first. Do you wonder at the interest I take in this?"

"No," I said. "I venture to think that I thoroughly understand it."

She was far above the paltry affectation of being confused. She answered me as she might have answered a brother or a father.

"You have relieved me of indescribable wretchedness; you have given me a new life. How can I be ungrateful enough to have any concealments from you? I love him," she said simply, "I have loved him from first to last—even when I was wronging him in my own thoughts; even when I was saying the hardest and the cruellest words to him. Is there any excuse for me, in that? I hope there is—I am afraid it is the only excuse I have. When to-morrow comes, and he knows that I am in the house, do you think——?"

She stopped again, and looked at me very earnestly.

"When to-morrow comes," I said, "I think you have only to tell him what you have just told me."

Her face brightened; she came a step nearer to me. Her fingers trifled nervously with a flower which I had picked in the garden, and which I had put into the button-hole of my coat.

"You have seen a great deal of him lately," she said. "Have you, really and truly, seen that?"

"Really and truly," I answered. "I am quite certain of what will happen to-morrow. I wish I could feel as certain of what will happen to-night."

At that point in the conversation, we were interrupted by the appearance of Betteredge, with the tea-tray. He gave me another significant look as he passed on into the sitting-room. "Aye! aye! make your hay while the sun shines. The Tartar's up-stairs, Mr. Jennings—the Tartar's up-stairs!"

We followed him into the room. A little old lady, in a corner, very nicely dressed, and very deeply absorbed over a smart piece of embroidery, dropped her work in her lap, and uttered a faint little scream at the first sight of my gipsy complexion and my piebald hair.

"Mrs. Merridew," said Miss Verinder, "this is Mr. Jennings."

"I beg Mr. Jennings's pardon," said the old lady, looking at Miss Verinder, and speaking at me. "Railway travelling always makes me nervous. I am endeavouring to quiet my mind by occupying myself as usual. I don't know whether my embroidery is out of place, on this extraordinary occasion. If it interferes with Mr. Jennings's medical views, I shall be happy to put it away of course."

I hastened to sanction the presence of the embroidery, exactly as I had sanctioned the absence of the burst buzzard and the Cupid's wing. Mrs. Merridew made an effort—a grateful effort—to look at my hair. No! it was not to be done. Mrs. Merridew looked back again at Miss Verinder.

"If Mr. Jennings will permit me," pursued the old lady, "I should like to ask a favour. Mr. Jennings is about to try a scientific experi-

ment to-night. I used to attend scientific experiments when I was a girl at school. They invariably ended in an explosion. If Mr. Jennings will be so very kind, I should like to be warned of the explosion this time. With a view to getting it over, if possible, before I go to bed."

I attempted to assure Mrs. Merridew that an explosion was not included in the programme on this occasion.

"No," said the old lady. "I am much obliged to Mr. Jennings—I am aware that he is only deceiving me for my own good. I prefer plain dealing. I am quite resigned to the explosion—but I *do* want to get it over, if possible, before I go to bed."

Here the door opened, and Mrs. Merridew uttered another little scream. The advent of the explosion? No: only the advent of Betteredge.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Jennings," said Betteredge, in his most elaborately confidential manner. "Mr. Franklin wishes to know where you are. Being under your orders to deceive him, in respect to the presence of my young lady in the house, I have said I don't know. That you will please to observe, was a lie. Having one foot already in the grave, sir, the fewer lies you expect me to tell, the more I shall be indebted to you, when my conscience pricks me and my time comes."

There was not a moment to be wasted on the purely speculative question of Betteredge's conscience. Mr. Blake might make his appearance in search of me, unless I went to him at once in his own room. Miss Verinder followed me out into the corridor.

"They seem to be in a conspiracy to persecute you," she said. "What does it mean?"

"Only the protest of the world, Miss Verinder—on a very small scale—against anything that is new."

"What are we to do with Mrs. Merridew?"

"Tell her the explosion will take place at nine to-morrow morning."

"So as to send her to bed?"

"Yes—so as to send her to bed."

Miss Verinder went back to the sitting-room, and I went upstairs to Mr. Blake.

To my surprise, I found him alone; restlessly pacing his room, and a little irritated at being left by himself.

"Where is Mr. Bruff?" I asked.

He pointed to the closed door of communication between the two rooms. Mr. Bruff had looked in on him, for a moment; had attempted to renew his protest against our proceedings; and had once more failed to produce the smallest impression on Mr. Blake. Upon this, the lawyer had taken refuge in a black leather bag, filled to bursting with professional papers. "The serious business of life," he admitted, "was sadly out of place on such an occasion as the present. But the serious business of life must be carried on, for all that. Mr. Blake would perhaps kindly make allowance for the old-fashioned habits of a practical man. Time was money—

and, as for Mr. Jennings, he might depend on it that Mr. Bruff would be forthcoming when called upon." With that apology, the lawyer had gone back to his own room, and had immersed himself obstinately in his black bag.

I thought of Mrs. Merridew and her embroidery, and of Betteredge and his conscience. There is a wonderful sameness in the solid side of the English character—just as there is a wonderful sameness in the solid expression of the English face.

"When are you going to give me the laudanum?" asked Mr. Blake impatiently.

"You must wait a little longer," I said. "I will stay and keep you company till the time comes."

It was then not ten o'clock. Inquiries which I had made, at various times, of Betteredge and Mr. Blake, had led me to the conclusion that the dose of laudanum given by Mr. Candy could not possibly have been administered before eleven. I had accordingly determined not to try the second dose until that time.

We talked a little; but both our minds were preoccupied by the coming ordeal. The conversation soon flagged—then dropped altogether. Mr. Blake idly turned over the books on his bedroom table. I had taken the precaution of looking at them, when we first entered the room. The Guardian; The Tatler; Richardson's Pamela, Mackenzie's Man of Feeling; Roscoe's Lorenzo de' Medici, and Robertson's Charles the Fifth—all classical works; all (of course) immeasurably superior to anything produced in later times; and all (from my present point of view) possessing the one great merit of enchaining nobody's interest, and exciting nobody's brain. I left Mr. Blake to the composing influence of Standard Literature, and occupied myself in making this entry in my journal.

My watch informs me that it is close on eleven o'clock. I must shut up these leaves once more.

Two o'clock A.M.—The experiment has been tried. With what result, I am now to describe.

At eleven o'clock, I rang the bell for Betteredge, and told Mr. Blake that he might at last prepare himself for bed.

I looked out of window at the night. It was mild and rainy, resembling, in this respect, the night of the birthday—the twenty-first of June, last year. Without professing to believe in omens, it was at least encouraging to find no direct nervous influences—no stormy or electric perturbations—in the atmosphere. Betteredge joined me at the window, and mysteriously put a little slip of paper into my hand. It contained these lines:

"Mrs. Merridew has gone to bed, on the distinct understanding that the explosion is to take place at nine to-morrow morning, and that I am not to stir out of this part of the house until she comes and sets me free. She has no idea that the chief scene of the experiment is my sitting-room—or she would have remained

in it for the whole night! I am alone, and very anxious. Pray let me see you measure out the laudanum; I want to have something to do with it, even in the unimportant character of a mere looker-on.—R. V."

I followed Betteredge out of the room, and told him to remove the medicine-chest into Miss Verinder's sitting-room.

The order appeared to take him completely by surprise. He looked as if he suspected me of some occult medical design on Miss Verinder! "Might I presume to ask," he said, "what my young lady and the medicine chest have got to do with each other?"

"Stay in the sitting-room, and you will see."

Betteredge appeared to doubt his own unaided capacity to superintend me effectually, on an occasion when a medicine-chest was included in the proceedings.

"Is there any objection, sir," he asked, "to taking Mr. Bruff into this part of the business?"

"Quite the contrary! I am now going to ask Mr. Bruff to accompany me down-stairs."

Betteredge withdrew to fetch the medicine-chest, without another word. I went back into Mr. Blake's room, and knocked at the door of communication. Mr. Bruff opened it, with his papers in his hand—immersed in Law; impenetrable to Medicine.

"I am sorry to disturb you," I said. "But I am going to prepare the laudanum for Mr. Blake; and I must request you to be present, and to see what I do."

"Yes?" said Mr. Bruff, with nine-tenths of his attention rivetted on his papers, and with one-tenth unwillingly accorded to me. "Anything else?"

"I must trouble you to return here with me, and to see me administer the dose."

"Anything else?"

"One thing more. I must put you to the inconvenience of remaining in Mr. Blake's room, and of waiting to see what happens."

"Oh, very good!" said Mr. Bruff. "My room, or Mr. Blake's room—it doesn't matter which; I can go on with my papers anywhere. Unless you object, Mr. Jennings, to my importing *that* amount of common sense into the proceedings?"

Before I could answer, Mr. Blake addressed himself to the lawyer, speaking from his bed.

"Do you really mean to say that you don't feel any interest in what we are going to do?" he asked. "Mr. Bruff, you have no more imagination than a cow!"

"A cow is a very useful animal, Mr. Blake," said the lawyer. With that reply, he followed me out of the room, still keeping his papers in his hand.

We found Miss Verinder, pale and agitated, restlessly pacing her sitting-room from end to end. At a table in a corner, stood Betteredge, on guard over the medicine chest. Mr. Bruff sat down on the first chair that he could find, and (emulating the usefulness of the cow) plunged back again into his papers on the spot.

Miss Verinder drew me aside, and reverted instantly to her one all-absorbing interest—the interest in Mr. Blake.

"How is he now?" she asked. "Is he nervous? is he out of temper? Do you think it will succeed? Are you sure it will do no harm?"

"Quite sure. Come, and see me measure it out."

"One moment! It is past eleven now. How long will it be before anything happens?"

"It is not easy to say. An hour perhaps."

"I suppose the room must be dark, as it was last year?"

"Certainly."

"I shall wait in my bedroom—just as I did before. I shall keep the door a little way open. It was a little way open last year. I will watch the sitting-room door; and the moment it moves, I will blow out my light. It all happened in that way, on my birthday night. And it must all happen again in the same way, mustn't it?"

"Are you sure you can control yourself, Miss Verinder?"

"In *his* interests, I can do anything!" she answered fervently.

One look at her face told me that I could trust her. I addressed myself again to Mr. Bruff.

"I must trouble you to put your papers aside for a moment," I said.

"Oh, certainly!" He got up with a start—as if I had disturbed him at a particularly interesting place—and followed me to the medicine chest. There, deprived of the breathless excitement incidental to the practice of his profession, he looked at Betteredge—and yawned wearily.

Miss Verinder joined me with a glass jug of cold water, which she had taken from a side-table. "Let me pour out the water," she whispered. "I *must* have a hand in it!"

I measured out the forty minims from the bottle, and poured the laudanum into a medicine glass. "Fill it till it is three parts full," I said, and handed the glass to Miss Verinder. I then directed Betteredge to lock up the medicine-chest; informing him that I had done with it now. A look of unutterable relief overspread the old servant's countenance. He had evidently suspected me of a medical design on his young lady!

After adding the water as I had directed, Miss Verinder seized a moment—while Betteredge was locking the chest, and while Mr. Bruff was looking back at his papers—and slyly kissed the rim of the medicine glass. "When you give it to him," whispered the charming girl, "give it to him on that side!"

I took the piece of crystal which was to represent the Diamond from my pocket, and gave it to her.

"You must have a hand in this, too," I said. "You must put it where you put the Moonstone last year."

She led the way to the Indian cabinet, and

put the mock Diamond into the drawer which the real Diamond had occupied on the birthday night. Mr. Bruff witnessed this proceeding, under protest, as he had witnessed everything else. But the strong dramatic interest which the experiment was now assuming, proved (to my great amusement) to be too much for Betteredge's capacity of self-restraint. His hand trembled as he held the candle, and he whispered anxiously, "Are you sure, miss, it's the right drawer?"

I led the way out again, with the laudanum and water in my hand. At the door, I stopped to address a last word to Miss Verinder.

"Don't be long in putting out the lights," I said.

"I will put them out at once," she answered.

"And I will wait in my bedroom, with only one candle alight."

She closed the sitting-room door behind us. Followed by Mr. Bruff and Betteredge, I went back to Mr. Blake's room.

We found him moving restlessly from side to side of the bed, and wondering irritably whether he was to have the laudanum that night. In the presence of the two witnesses, I gave him the dose, and shook up his pillows, and told him to lie down again quietly and wait.

His bed, provided with light chintz curtains, was placed, with the head against the wall of the room, so as to leave a good open space on either side of it. On one side, I drew the curtains completely—and in the part of the room thus screened from his view, I placed Mr. Bruff and Betteredge, to wait for the result. At the bottom of the bed, I half drew the curtains—and placed my own chair at a little distance, so that I might let him see me or not see me, speak to me or not speak to me, just as the circumstances might direct. Having already been informed that he always slept with a light in the room, I placed one of the two lighted candles on a little table at the head of the bed, where the glare of the light would not strike on his eyes. The other candle I gave to Mr. Bruff; the light, in this instance, being subdued by the screen of the chintz curtains. The window was open at the top so as to ventilate the room. The rain fell softly, the house was quiet. It was twenty minutes past eleven, by my watch, when the preparations were completed, and I took my place on the chair set apart at the bottom of the bed.

Mr. Bruff resumed his papers, with every appearance of being as deeply interested in them as ever. But looking towards him now, I saw certain signs and tokens which told me that the Law was beginning to lose its hold on him at last. The suspended interest of the situation in which we were now placed, was slowly asserting its influence even on *his* unimaginative mind. As for Betteredge, consistency of principle and dignity of conduct had become, in his case, mere empty words. He forgot that I was performing a conjuring trick on Mr. Franklin Blake; he forgot that I had upset the house from top to bottom; he forgot that I

had not read Robinson Crusoe since I was a child. "For the Lord's sake, sir," he whispered to me, "tell us when it will begin to work."

"Not before midnight," I whispered back. "Say nothing, and sit still."

Betteredge dropped to the lowest depth of familiarity with me, without a struggle to save himself. He answered me by a wink!

Looking next towards Mr. Blake, I found him as restless as ever in his bed; fretfully wondering why the influence of the laudanum had not begun to assert itself yet. To tell him, in his present humour, that the more he fidgeted and wondered, the longer he would delay the result for which we were now waiting, would have been simply useless. The wiser course to take was to dismiss the idea of the opium from his mind, by leading him insensibly to think of something else.

With this view, I encouraged him to talk to me; contriving so to direct the conversation, on my side, as to lead it back again to the subject which had engaged us earlier in the evening—the subject of the Diamond. I took care to revert to those portions of the story of the Moonstone, which related to the transport of it from London to Yorkshire; to the risk which Mr. Blake had run in removing it from the bank at Frizinghall; and to the unexpected appearance of the Indians at the house, on the evening of the birthday. And I purposely assumed, in referring to these events, to have misunderstood much of what Mr. Blake himself had told me a few hours since. In this way, I set him talking on the subject with which it was now vitally important to fill his mind—without allowing him to suspect that I was making him talk for a purpose. Little by little, he became so interested in putting me right that he forgot to fidget in the bed. His mind was far away from the question of the opium, at the all-important time when his eyes first told me that the opium was beginning to lay its hold on his brain.

I looked at my watch. It wanted five minutes to twelve, when the premonitory symptoms of the working of the laudanum first showed themselves to me.

At this time, no unpractised eyes would have detected any change in him. But, as the minutes of the new morning wore away, the swiftly-subtle progress of the influence began to show itself more plainly. The sublime intoxication of opium gleamed in his eyes; the dew of a stealthy perspiration began to glisten on his face. In five minutes more, the talk which he still kept up with me, failed in coherence. He held steadily to the subject of the Diamond; but he ceased to complete his sentences. A little later, the sentences dropped to single words. Then, there was an interval of silence. Then, he sat up in bed. Then, still busy with the subject of the Diamond, he began to talk again—not to me, but to himself. That change told me that the first stage in the experiment was reached. The stimulant influence of the opium had got him.

The time, now, was twenty-three minutes past twelve. The next half hour, at most, would decide the question of whether he would, or would not, get up from his bed, and leave the room.

In the breathless interest of watching him—in the unutterable triumph of seeing the first result of the experiment declare itself in the manner, and nearly at the time, which I had anticipated—I had utterly forgotten the two companions of my night vigil. Looking towards them now, I saw the Law (as represented by Mr. Bruff's papers) lying unheeded on the floor. Mr. Bruff himself was looking eagerly through a crevice left in the imperfectly-drawn curtains of the bed. And Betteredge, oblivious of all respect for social distinctions, was peeping over Mr. Bruff's shoulder.

They both started back, on finding that I was looking at them, like two boys caught out by their schoolmaster in a fault. I signed to them to take off their boots quietly, as I was taking off mine. If Mr. Blake gave us the chance of following him, it was vitally necessary to follow him without noise.

Ten minutes passed—and nothing happened. Then, he suddenly threw the bed clothes off him. He put one leg out of bed. He waited.

"I wish I had never taken it out of the bank," he said to himself. "It was safe in the bank."

My heart throbbed fast; the pulses at my temples beat furiously. The doubt about the safety of the Diamond was, once more, the dominant impression in his brain! On that one pivot, the whole success of the experiment turned. The prospect thus suddenly opened before me, was too much for my shattered nerves. I was obliged to look away from him—or I should have lost my self-control.

There was another interval of silence.

When I could trust myself to look back at him, he was out of his bed, standing erect at the side of it. The pupils of his eyes were now contracted; his eyeballs gleamed in the light of the candle as he moved his head slowly to and fro. He was thinking; he was doubting—he spoke again.

"How do I know?" he said. "The Indians may be hidden in the house?"

He stopped, and walked slowly to the other end of the room. He turned—waited—came back to the bed.

"It's not even locked up," he went on. "It's in the drawer of her cabinet. And the drawer doesn't lock."

He sat down on the side of the bed. "Anybody might take it," he said.

He rose again restlessly, and reiterated his first words.

"How do I know? The Indians may be hidden in the house."

He waited again. I drew back behind the half curtain of the bed. He looked about the room, with the vacant glitter in his eyes. It was a breathless moment. There was a pause of some sort. A pause in the action of the

opium? a pause in the action of the brain? Who could tell? Everything depended, now, on what he did next.

He laid himself down again on the bed!

A horrible doubt crossed my mind. Was it possible that the sedative action of the opium was making itself felt already? It was not in my experience that it should do this. But what is experience, where opium is concerned? There are probably no two men in existence on whom the drug acts in exactly the same manner. Was some constitutional peculiarity in him, feeling the influence in some new way? Were we to fail, on the very brink of success?

No! He got up again abruptly. "How the devil am I to sleep," he said, "with *this* on my mind?"

He looked at the light, burning on the table at the head of his bed. After a moment, he took the candle in his hand.

I blew out the second candle, burning behind the closed curtains. I drew back, with Mr. Bruff and Betteredge, into the farthest corner by the bed. I signed to them to be silent, as if their lives had depended on it.

We waited—seeing and hearing nothing. We waited, hidden from him by the curtains.

The light which he was holding on the other side of us, moved suddenly. The next moment, he passed us, swift and noiseless, with the candle in his hand.

He opened the bedroom door, and went out.

We followed him, along the corridor. We followed him down the stairs. We followed him along the second corridor. He never looked back; he never hesitated.

He opened the sitting-room door, and went in, leaving it open behind him.

The door was hung (like all the other doors in the house) on large old-fashioned hinges. When it was opened, a crevice was opened between the door and the post. I signed to my two companions to look through this, so as to keep them from showing themselves. I placed myself—outside the door also—on the opposite side. A recess in the wall was at my left hand, in which I could instantly hide myself, if he showed any signs of looking back into the corridor.

He advanced to the middle of the room, with the candle still in his hand: he looked about him—but he never looked back.

I saw the door of Miss Verinder's bedroom, standing ajar. She had put out her light. She controlled herself nobly. The dim white outline of her summer dress was all that I could see. Nobody who had not known it beforehand, would have suspected that there was a living creature in the room. She kept back, in the dark: not a word, not a movement escaped her.

It was now ten minutes past one. I heard, through the dead silence, the soft drip of the rain, and the tremulous passage of the night air through the trees.

After waiting irresolute, for a minute or more, in the middle of the room, he moved to

the corner near the window, where the Indian cabinet stood.

He put his candle on the top of the cabinet. He opened, and shut, one drawer after another, until he came to the drawer in which the mock Diamond was put. He looked into the drawer for a moment. Then, he took the mock Diamond out with his right hand. With the other hand, he took the candle from the top of the cabinet.

He walked back a few steps towards the middle of the room, and stood still again.

Thus far, he had exactly repeated what he had done on the birthday night. Would his next proceeding be the same as the proceeding of last year? Would he leave the room? Would he go back now, as I believed he had gone back then, to his bedchamber? Would he show us what he had done with the Diamond, when he had returned to his own room?

His first action, when he moved once more, proved to be an action which he had *not* performed, when he was under the influence of the opium for the first time. He put the candle down on a table, and wandered on a little towards the farther end of the room. There was a sofa here. He leaned heavily on the back of it, with his left hand—then roused himself, and returned to the middle of the room. I could now see his eyes. They were getting dull and heavy; the glitter in them was fast dying out.

The suspense of the moment proved too much for Miss Verinder's self-control. She advanced a few steps—then stopped again. Mr. Bruff and Betteredge looked across the open doorway at me for the first time. The prevision of a coming disappointment was impressing itself on their minds as well as on mine.

Still, so long as he stood where he was, there was hope. We waited, in unutterable expectation, to see what would happen next.

The next event was decisive. He let the mock Diamond drop out of his hand.

It fell on the floor, before the doorway—plainly visible to him, and to every one. He made no effort to pick it up: he looked down at it vacantly, and, as he looked, his head sank on his breast. He staggered—roused himself for an instant—walked back unsteadily to the sofa—and sat down on it. He made a last effort; he tried to rise, and sank back. His head fell on the sofa cushions. It was then twenty-five minutes past one o'clock. Before I had put my watch back in my pocket, he was asleep.

It was all over now. The sedative influence had got him; the experiment was at an end.

I entered the room, telling Mr. Bruff and Betteredge that they might follow me. There was no fear of disturbing him. We were free to move and speak.

"The first thing to settle," I said, "is the question of what we are to do with him. He will probably sleep for the next six or seven hours, at least. It is some distance to carry

him back to his own room. When I was younger, I could have done it alone. But my health and strength are not what they were—I am afraid I must ask you to help me.”

Before they could answer, Miss Verinder called to me softly. She met me at the door of her room, with a light shawl, and with the counterpane from her own bed.

“Do you mean to watch him, while he sleeps?” she asked.

“Yes. I am not sure enough of the action of the opium, in his case, to be willing to leave him alone.”

She handed me the shawl and the counterpane.

“Why should you disturb him?” she whispered. “Make his bed on the sofa. I can shut my door, and keep in my room.”

It was infinitely the simplest and the safest way of disposing of him for the night. I mentioned the suggestion to Mr. Bruff and Betteredge—who both approved of my adopting it. In five minutes, I had laid him comfortably on the sofa, and had covered him lightly with the counterpane and the shawl. Miss Verinder wished us good night, and closed the door. At my request, we three then drew round the table in the middle of the room, on which the candle was still burning, and on which writing materials were placed.

“Before we separate,” I began, “I have a word to say about the experiment which has been tried to-night. Two distinct objects were to be gained by it. The first of these objects was to prove, that Mr. Blake entered this room, and took the Diamond, last year, acting unconsciously and irresponsibly, under the influence of opium. After what you have both seen, are you both satisfied, so far?”

They answered me in the affirmative, without a moment’s hesitation.

“The second object,” I went on, “was to discover what he did with the Diamond, after he was seen by Miss Verinder to leave her sitting-room with the jewel in his hand, on the birthday night. The gaining of this object depended, of course, on his still continuing exactly to repeat his proceedings of last year. He has failed to do that; and the purpose of the experiment is defeated accordingly. I can’t assert that I am not disappointed at the result—but I can honestly say that I am not surprised by it. I told Mr. Blake from the first, that our complete success in this matter, depended on our completely reproducing in him the physical and moral conditions of last year—and I warned him that this was the next thing to a downright impossibility. We have only partially reproduced the conditions, and the experiment has been only partially successful in consequence. It is also possible that I may have administered too large a dose of laudanum. But I myself look upon the first reason that I have given, as the true reason why we have to lament a failure, as well as to rejoice over a success.”

After saying those words, I put the writing materials before Mr. Bruff, and asked him if he

had any objection—before we separated for the night—to draw out, and sign, a plain statement of what he had seen. He at once took the pen, and produced the statement with the fluent readiness of a practised hand.

“I owe you this,” he said, signing the paper, “as some atonement for what passed between us earlier in the evening. I beg your pardon, Mr. Jennings, for having doubted you. You have done Franklin Blake an inestimable service. In our legal phrase, you have proved your case.”

Betteredge’s apology was characteristic of the man.

“Mr. Jennings,” he said, “when you read Robinson Crusoe again (which I strongly recommend you to do), you will find that he never scruples to acknowledge it, when he turns out to have been in the wrong. Please to consider me, sir, as doing what Robinson Crusoe did, on the present occasion.” With those words he signed the paper in his turn.

Mr. Bruff took me aside, as we rose from the table.

“One word about the Diamond,” he said. “Your theory is that Franklin Blake hid the Moonstone in his room. My theory is, that the Moonstone is in the possession of Mr. Luker’s bankers in London. We won’t dispute which of us is right. We will only ask, which of us is in a position to put his theory to the test first.”

“The test, in my case,” I answered, “has been tried to-night, and has failed.”

“The test, in my case,” rejoined Mr. Bruff, “is still in process of trial. For the last two days, I have had a watch set for Mr. Luker at the bank; and I shall cause that watch to be continued until the last day of the month. I know that he must take the Diamond himself out of his bankers’ hands—and I am acting on the chance that the person who has pledged the Diamond may force him to do this, by redeeming the pledge. In that case, I may be able to lay my hand on the person. And there is a prospect of our clearing up the mystery, exactly at the point where the mystery baffles us now! Do you admit that, so far?”

I admitted it readily.

“I am going back to town by the ten o’clock train,” pursued the lawyer. “I may hear, when I get back, that a discovery has been made—and it may be of the greatest importance that I should have Franklin Blake at hand to appeal to, if necessary. I intend to tell him, as soon as he wakes, that he must return with me to London. After all that has happened, may I trust to your influence to back me?”

“Certainly!” I said.

Mr. Bruff shook hands with me, and left the room. Betteredge followed him out.

I went to the sofa to look at Mr. Blake. He had not moved since I had laid him down and made his bed—he lay locked in a deep and quiet sleep.

While I was still looking at him, I heard the

bedroom door softly opened. Once more, Miss Verinder appeared on the threshold, in her pretty summer dress.

"Do me a last favour," she whispered. "Let me watch him with you."

I hesitated—not in the interests of propriety; in the interest of her night's rest. She came close to me, and took my hand.

"I can't sleep; I can't even sit still, in my own room," she said. "Oh, Mr. Jennings, if you were me, only think how you would long to sit and look at him. Say, yes! Do!"

Is it necessary to mention that I gave way? Surely not!

She drew a chair to the foot of the sofa. She looked at him, in a silent ecstasy of happiness, till the tears rose in her eyes. She dried her eyes, and said she would fetch her work. She fetched her work, and never did a single stitch of it. It lay in her lap—she was not even able to look away from him long enough to thread her needle. I thought of my own youth; I thought of the gentle eyes which had once looked love at me. In the heaviness of my heart, I turned to my Journal for relief, and wrote in it what is written here.

So we kept our watch together in silence. One of us absorbed in his writing; the other absorbed in her love.

Hour after hour, he lay in his deep sleep. The light of the new day grew and grew in the room, and still he never moved.

Towards six o'clock, I felt the warning which told me that my pains were coming back. I was obliged to leave her alone with him for a little while. I said I would go up-stairs, and fetch another pillow for him out of his room. It was not a long attack, this time. In a little while, I was able to venture back and let her see me again.

I found her at the head of the sofa, when I returned. She was just touching his forehead with her lips. I shook my head as soberly as I could, and pointed to her chair. She looked back at me with a bright smile, and a charming colour in her face. "You would have done it," she whispered, "in my place!"

It is just eight o'clock. He is beginning to move for the first time.

Miss Verinder is kneeling by the side of the sofa. She has so placed herself that when his eyes first open, they must open on her face.

Shall I leave them together?

Yes!

Eleven o'clock.—They have arranged it among themselves; they have all gone to London by the ten o'clock train. My brief dream of happiness is over. I have awakened again to the realities of my friendless and lonely life.

I dare not trust myself to write down the kind words that have been said to me—especially by Miss Verinder and Mr. Blake. Besides, it is needless. Those words will come back to me in my solitary hours, and will

help me through what is left of the end of my life. Mr. Blake is to write, and tell me what happens in London. Miss Verinder is to return to Yorkshire in the autumn (for her marriage, no doubt); and I am to take a holiday, and be a guest in the house. Oh me, how I felt it, as the grateful happiness looked at me out of her eyes, and the warm pressure of her hand said, "This is your doing!"

My poor patients are waiting for me. Back again, this morning, to the old routine! Back again, to-night, to the dreadful alternative between the opium and the pain!

God be praised for his mercy! I have seen a little sunshine—I have had a happy time.

LEAVES FROM THE MAHOGANY TREE.

A CUP OF TEA.

A CUP of tea! Blessings on the words, for they convey a sense of English home comfort, of which the proud Gaul, with all his boulevards and battalions, is as ignorant as a turbot is of the use of the piano. What refinement or gentleness could there have been in those times when our rude ancestors in the peasecod doublets and trunk hose and our rugged ancestress in the wheel ruff and farthingale sat down to breakfast over a quart of humming ale or a silver tankard of Canary?

There was no pleasant tea-table for Shakespeare to talk wisely at, no cup of fragrant Souchong for Spenser to recite poetry over. No wonder that wise men then ignored the fairer sex, shrank from the bottle, and got together in taverns where wit might lighten and wisdom thunder. Lucky Milton—lucky because he over smoking Bohea no doubt saw visions of the golden gates of Paradise and the amaranthine meadows of Eden. But seriously, has not tea ministered vastly to our tranquil home pleasures and calm home life, and was it not a kindly providence that raised the tea-cup to our tired lips just as our City life grew more busy and more sedentary? Happy the brave brain-workers who were born after the coming in of the sweet herb of China!

It was for a long time supposed that the use of tea began in Tartary, and was not introduced into China till the empire was conquered by the Tartars, ten years before the Restoration of Charles the Second; but this is entirely an error, as Bontius, a Leyden professor, who flourished in the reign of James the First, mentions the general use of tea by the Chinese twenty years before the Tartars clambered over the Great Wall or marched past the great blue-tiled Pagodas.

The Chinese have two curious old legends, which are worth repeating, as first contributions to the mythology of the teapot.

The first relates to the Origin of the Teaplat.

Darma, a very religious prince, son of Kasinwo, an Indian king, and the twenty-eighth descendant of Tiaka, a negro monarch

(1023 B.C.), landed in China in the year A.D. 510. Probably a Brahmin or a Buddhist of great austerity, he employed all his care to diffuse a sense of religion, and for this purpose denied himself rest, sleep, and relaxation. He lived in the open air, and devoted himself day and night to prayer and contemplation of the nature and beneficence of God, aiming at eventual absorption into the Divine Essence when purified by long prayer, fast, and vigil. Flesh is flesh, however. After several years, worn out by want of food and sleep, Darma the great and good involuntarily closed his eyes, and after that slept soundly, reckless of anything but rest. Before dawn he awoke, full of sorrow and despair at having thus broken his vow, snatched up a knife and cut off both his offending eyelids. When it grew light, he discovered that two beautiful shrubs had grown from them, and eating some of the leaves, he was presently filled with new joy, courage, and strength to pursue his holy meditations. The new plant was the tea plant, and Darma recommended the use of it to his disciples and followers. Kempfer gives a portrait of this Chinese and Japanese saint, at whose feet there is always a reed to indicate that he had traversed seas and rivers, and had come from afar.

The legend seems to prove that from the earliest times tea was known among students and austere people as a dispeller of drowsiness. Its first use was no doubt accidental, as was that of coffee, the virtues of which, the Arab legend says, were discovered by some goats who had browsed on leaves of the coffee plant, and became unusually lively after their meal. It is a singular fact, too, that Jesuit writers who visited China in the reign of James the First expressly state that they used the herb tea common among the Chinese, and found that it kept their eyes open and lessened the fatigue of writing sermons and hearing absolutions that lasted late into the night. No doubt the figure of Darma and his reed could be found on old China.

Our second Bohæatic Myth is a legend about Old China.

The island of Mauvi, now sunk deep in the sea near the island of Formosa, was once wealthy and flourishing, and its silken-clad pigtailed people made the richest and finest porcelain in the world. The King of Mauvi, being a pious man, was warned in a dream by the gods, that when the faces of two of the people's most famous idols grew red, the island would suddenly be destroyed, for the great wickedness of its inhabitants (who were probably tea-merchants, i.e., tea-adulterers). Two very sharp villains, hearing of this dream, went in the night and at once incontinently painted both the images a bright red, with a dash or two of pea-green, upon which the king, without due inquiry (though he proved right in the end) instantly took ship, and started for the south of China. As soon as he was gone, the island settled down, with the two rascals, the tea-merchants, and all the porcelain. There

can be no doubt about the story, for the tops of the highest rocks of Mauvi are still visible at low water; and moreover, if any further proof was needed, divers often venture down into the blue depths, when the sharks are asleep above in the sun, and recover old teapots, shaped like small barrels, with short narrow necks, and of a greenish-white colour. They used to be worth about seven thousand pounds apiece when cracked, and fissured, and having shells sticking to them. An old Dutch writer computes the price of the large and sound at five thousand thails. Now, a thail is ten silver maas, and ten maas are equal to seventy Dutch stivers, and twelve stivers are worth thirteence of our currency, and all that makes a heap of money.

Many antiquarians (but not Dreikopf—oh, no, no!) are of opinion that the Arabian Malobathron—mentioned by the writer of the *Periplus* (or first survey) of the Black Sea, supposed to be Arrian, the learned preceptor of Marcus Antoninus—is tea, as the golden fleece is thought to be silk, and the Spartans' black broth coffee; but we do not hold to this belief, for, as Dreikopf knows, and Horace shows, people put malobathron on their hair, not in their stomachs. Ramusio, a Venetian writer on geography, who died in 1557, mentions tea; and so does Giovanni Botero, who, in 1589, particularly praises tea as a "delicate juice which takes the place of wine, and is good for health and sobriety;" so also does Olearius, whom the Duke of Holstein sent to Russia and Persia. Gerard Bontius, a Leyden professor, who invented diabolical Pills known as "Tartarean," and went to China in 1648, gave a drawing of the plant. We hear of tea in Europe in 1557 (the last year of the reign of Queen Mary), and yet it was not till 1660 (the year of the Restoration) that we find tea in pretty free use in England.

In 1660 (12 Carl. 2, c. 23) a duty of eightpence a gallon was laid on all tea sold and made in coffee-houses (started in London by Pasqua Rosée, 1652). The tax-collectors visited the houses daily, to ascertain what quantity of tea had been made in the day. That same year Thomas Garraway, landlord of Garraway's Coffee House, near the Royal Exchange, started as "tobacconist, and seller and retailer of tea and coffee." "That the virtues and excellencies of this leaf and drink," said Garraway in a circular, "are many and great, is evident and manifest by the high esteem and use of it (especially of late years) among the physicians and knowing men of France, Italy, Holland, and other parts of Christendom; in England it hath been sold in the leaf for six pounds, and sometimes for ten pounds, the pound weight; and in respect of its former scarceness and dearness, it hath been only used as a regalia in high treatments and entertainments, and presents made thereof to princes and grandees, till the year 1657. The said Thomas Garraway did purchase a quantity thereof, and first publicly sold the said tea in

leaf and drink made according to the directions of the most knowing merchants and travellers in those eastern countries, and upon knowledge and experience of the said Garraway's continued care and industry in obtaining the best tea, and making the best tea, and making drink thereof, very many noblemen, physicians, and merchants, and gentlemen of quality, have ever since sent to him for the said leaf, and daily resort to his house in Exchange Alley aforesaid, and drink *the drink thereof*; and to this intent, &c., these are to give notice that the said Thomas hath tea to sell from sixteen to fifty shillings the pound." Fifty shillings the pound, forsooth; and now we get good Souchong, that deadly enemy to beer and wine, at three shillings a pound.

Soon after this Pepys, that rarest of gossips, whose curiosity for novelties was insatiable, mentions tasting tea in September, 1660. "Tea—a Chinese drink, of which I had never drank before." But it does not seem to have made much impression on the worthy admiralty clerk, for in 1667, he says again, "Came in and found my wife making tea, a new drink which is said to be good for her cold and defluxions." The Earl of Clarendon, that grand party historian, writes in his diary, "Père Couplet dined with me, and after supper we had tea; which he said was really as good as any he had drank in China." Sir Kenelm Digby mentions with great emotion a way of preparing tea used by the Jesuits when coming in tired and waiting for a meal.

"The priest that came from China," he says "told Mr. Waller that to a pint of tea they frequently take the yolks of two new-laid eggs, and beat them up with as much fine sugar as is sufficient for the tea, and stir all well together. The water must remain upon the tea no longer than while you can say the Miserere psalm very leisurely, you have then only the spiritual part of the tea, the proportion of which to the water must be about a drachm to a pint."

In 1688 the Court of Directors, writing to their factory agents at Bantam, in Java, ordered them to send back home one hundred pounds weight of the best tea they could get, and the next year there arrived their first consignment of tea, in two canisters of one hundred and forty-three pounds and a half each. The directors had previously presented Charles's Portuguese queen, who had learnt to like the Chinese beverage at home, on the shores of the Tagus, with twenty-two pounds of tea on her birthday. It was on this presentation that courtly Waller wrote his verses:

Venus her Myrtle, Phoebus has his Bays,
Tea both excels, which she vouchsafes to praise;
The best of queens and best of herbs we owe
To that bold nation which the way did show
To the first region where the sun doth rise,
Whose rich productions we so justly prize.
The muse's friend, tea, doth our fancy aid,
Repress those vapours which the head invade,
And keeps that palace of the soul serene,
Fit on her birthday to salute the queen.

Nicholas Tulp, the same eminent Professor of Amsterdam, whom Rembrandt painted with his pupils gathered round him over the dissecting-table, had already, about 1670, written on tea, and collected opinions of eminent physicians on the subject of the new liquor. But in 1671 tea found a champion, indeed, in Cornelius Bontekoe, a Leyden doctor, who upheld the chemical theory of Dubois, and considered tea a panacea against all the ills that flesh is heir to. He pronounced it an infallible cause of health, and thought two hundred cups daily not too much even for a moderate drinker. The Dutch East India Company is said to have made it worth his while to uphold this opinion.

By Queen Anne's time tea had come into full use, and tea parties were much what they are now; indeed, there is now to be seen at Leeds a picture painted before 1681, which represents a tea party which strictly resembles one at the present day, except that the kettle stands by the side of the lady on a sort of tripod stove.

In 1763, Linnæus had the satisfaction of receiving a living tea-plant from China. He seems to have believed it possible to grow tea in Europe, for he says he looked upon nothing to be of more importance than to shut the gate through which so much silver went out of Europe. In the time of the amiable Lettsom, who died in 1815,

And if they dies, I Lett's-em—

tea-plants were introduced into England, and they are now common in our conservatories. The plant resembles a camellia. In France, at one time, hopes were entertained of being able to prepare the leaves for sale, but the scheme was soon abandoned.

It must not be supposed that this Chinese stranger forced his way to our tables without opposition from the timid, the prejudiced, and the interested. Hundreds of rival herbs and spices were tried as the basis of refreshing beverages. Medical men have gone alternately mad after sage, marjoram, the Arctic bramble, the sloe, goat-weed, Mexican goosefoot, speedwell, wild geranium, veronica, wormwood, juniper, saffron, carduus benedictus, trefoil, wood-sorrel, pepper, mace, scurvy-grass, plantain, and betony. Sir Hans Sloane invented a herb-tea, and Dr. Solander (Captain Cook's companion) another, but nothing has displaced the Chinese leaf sprung from the eyelids of King Darna.

Cowper (circa 1782) did much in one of his poems to associate tea with home comfort, and to sanctify it with memories of domestic happiness; what a pleasant interior he paints with the firelight pulsing on the ceiling:

"Now stir the fire, and close the shutters fast,
Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round,
And while the bubbling and loud-hissing urn
Throws up a steamy column, and the cups
That cheer, but not inebriate, wait on each,
To let us welcome peaceful evening in."

We do not exactly know at what date the urn, "the offspring of idleness," as it has been

somewhat metaphorically called, drove "the old national kettle, the pride of the fireside," into the kitchen. Nor do we know whether the English urn of classical shape is an imitation of the Russian samovar, which is not heated by a concealed iron, but by a small fire of red hot charcoal, far more efficacious. The urn is an imposing and pleasant summer friend, but is not nearly so useful as it is ornamental. Yet it is a pleasure to see him in the hands of a neat handed Phyllis, thumping, hissing, and throbbing like a little undeveloped locomotive, the whiff of white steam waving like a thin plume from his bronze crest; but when his youthful ardour dies away, and one or two faint sighs are symptoms of the gradual declining of the heat, the result upon the second cup of tea is certainly most deplorable.

How pleasant to revive recollections of pleasant tea-times long since passed! The meal (generally after a late dinner rather a work of supererogation) used to begin, as far back as we can remember, with a jangle and clatter of spoons and cups, and a stirring of restless saucers in the neighbourhood of the kitchen. We youngers, stirred by the sound, roused ourselves for the impending meal. The tea-tray would at last appear borne in by Susan (we are recalling an especial period of youth), the palladium of the family (the silver tea-pot) conspicuous as a monarch among those lesser retainers the slop-basin, the sugar-basin, the milk-jug, and that regiment of household troops the tea-cups, of Worcester china. It was usually the custom of us youngers to shout at the appearance of the tea-tray, hunger being strong within us, and a meal the chief pleasure of our existence. Then the tea-poy was opened, and the fragrance that arose we always associated with pagodas, willow-pattern plates, and pig-tails. When we had an opportunity we used to like to dip small hands and pretend to be Hong merchants sorting teas. Next the kettle arrived on the scene, and this kettle had a strong individuality of its own. It had always a swathe of soot on the side, and beyond that a prismatic streak where the fire had painted rainbows on it. The way it began to softly sing was a perpetual wonder to us, and might have led, if Watt had not been so quick, to the discovery of the steam-engine. A little purring note faint and distant, then grew gradually louder and fiercer till the lid began to vibrate and the water to gallop.

The pouring out, too, of the first strong brown cup, gradually paling as it mixed with the milk, the springing of the bubbles from the melting sugar (strong basis, those bubbles, of discrimination touching money) how familiar the sights to us now, how fresh and new and wonderful then. There was a new delight to us children when the pot had to be filled with a jet of steaming transparent water from the kettle, and then, before the dregs of the cups were emptied, we had other divinations to perform with the grounds, that raised us in our own estimation almost to the dignity of magicians.

The Chinese, it is now well known, do not use the flowers of the tea plant, fragrant though the yellow blossoms are. The different sorts of tea are easily discriminated. The Pekoe consists of the first downy leaflets, picked from young trees in the earliest spring. In May, the growth succeeding these forms the Sou-chong. The third gathering is the strong flavoured Congou. Bohea is a late leaf from a special district. In green teas, the Hyson is a gathering of tender leaflets. The Gunpowder is a selection of hyson; the coarser and yellow lower leaves are the Hyson Skin. The Twankay is the last gathered crop.

The tea drinker must not think that he is any surer of a pure unadulterated article than is the wine drinker. Tea in its finest state never reaches, never can reach, England. It is over-dried for our market, and the over-drying destroys the aroma, which is still further impaired by the sea voyage. Canton bohea is composed of last year's refuse mixed with fresh inferior sorts, all over-dried to fit them for transportation. The Chinese not only adulterate tea with other leaves, but they give the leaf an artificial bloom with indigo and gypsum, and scent it with resinous gums and buds of fragrant plants. They turn damaged black leaves into green by drying them over charcoal fires and colouring them with turmeric and indigo. Then comes the English cheat. In 1828 a manufacture was discovered where ash, sloe, and elder leaves, were dried to imitate tea, and then coated with white lead and verdigris to give colour and bloom.

If tea can only be grown in Assam, there may be soon found a remedy for all this cheating. In 1835 tea was found growing wild in Upper Assam—a country which we took from the Burmese. The climate is like that of China. At present, the tea from Assam rather resembles a coarse strong Congo, and is better for dilution with inferior growths that have more flavour, than to be used by itself.

We can only blame the use of tea when carried to excess. Tea is but an infusion of a herb in warm water, and half a pint of warm water at one meal is enough for any one.

WINIFRED.

I.

SWEET Winifred sits at the cottage door,
The rose and the woadbine shadow it o'er,
And turns to the clear blue summer skies
The clearer blue of her soft young eyes—
Turns to the balmy wind of the south
Her feverish, supplicating mouth,
To ask from Heaven and the sunny glow
The health she lost long, long ago.

II.

The rose on her cheeks is rose too red,
The light in her eyes is lightning sped,
And not the calm and steady ray
Of youth and strength in their opening day;
Her hands are lily-pale and thin,
You can see the blood beneath the skin;
Something hath smitten her to the core,
And she wastes and dwindles evermore.

III.

She thinks, as she sits in the glint o' the sun,
That her race is ended ere well begun,
And turns her luminous eyes aside
To one who asks her to be his bride—
Invisible to all but her,
Her friend, her lover, her worshipper;
Who stretches forth his kindly hand,
And saith what her heart can understand.

IV.

"Winifred! Winifred! be thou mine,
Many may woo thee, many may pine,
To win from thy lips the sweet caress,
But thou canst not give it, or answer 'yes.'
There is not one amid them all,
To whom if the prize of thyself should fall,
Who would not suffer more cruel pain
Than would ever spring from thy disdain.

V.

"Only to me canst thou be given
The bridegroom sent to thee from Heaven;
Come to me! Come! Thy dower shall be
The wealth of Immortality.
Eternal youth, perennial joy,
And love that never shall change or cloy;
All shall be thine the hour we wed,
Sweet Winifred! Be thou mine!" he said.

VI.

"Take me!" she answered, with faint low breath,
"I know thee well. Thy name is DEATH.
I've looked on thy merciful face too long
To think of thee as a pain or wrong.
I know thou'lt keep thy promise true,
And lead me life's dark portals through.
Up! up! on wings to the starry dome,
Up! up to Heaven! my bridal home."

VII.

He laid his hand on her trembling wrist,
Her beautiful, coy, cold lips he kiss'd,
And took her away from sister and brother,
From sorrowing sire and weeping mother;
From all she loved. With a smile she went,
Of peace and patience and sweet content.
'Twas but life's vesture laid in the sod,
'Twas life itself to the throne of God!

OUT WITH THE MILITIA.

THE worst of belonging to the militia is that you have to do duty. The task of receiving your commission is not very arduous, and may be performed without much professional training. It is flattering, too, to be informed by that important piece of parchment that Her Majesty relies upon your loyalty, courage, and so forth; for as the royal lady has not the pleasure of your acquaintance, she must, of course, found her belief upon your reputation in society, aided, perhaps, by the favourable opinion expressed by the lord lieutenant of the county, who is the immediate agent in the matter. It is he, in fact, who signs the document, unless you happen to be adjutant or quartermaster (appointments made from the regulars), in which case Her Majesty performs the office herself. The process of paying the guinea, demanded with remarkable punctuality by the Clerk of Lieutenancy for the parchment in

question, may also be accomplished with success; indeed, a cheerful alacrity usually accompanies this part of the proceeding. Getting your uniform, again, is not much of an undertaking, other things being equal; and the presentation at court, which should follow as soon as may be, cannot be considered among the difficulties of the profession. It is the duty of the training which is the drawback.

You are reminded of this necessity in good time. A month or more before the crisis, you are officially informed, "Upon her Majesty's Service," that the regiment will assemble on a certain Monday just before the end of April for four weeks' training; and the approach of this, the season, has been marked for some weeks previously by announcements in The Gazette that Her Majesty has been graciously pleased to accept certain resignations and to make certain other appointments among the officers. This is the time, in short, of a great many changes in the personnel of the force, where a long period of service is by no means the rule.

I underwent the preliminary responsibilities with a constancy worthy of a British officer, and my experiences are, I dare say, much the same as they would be in most regiments of the service. Our head-quarters are not very far from London, in a neighbourhood inhabited principally by clerks and commercial men, and whose houses and general arrangements are all characteristic of quiet people with quiet incomes, who disappear during the week, and present an appearance of population to the district only on Sundays. Even grown-up women are scarce on week days, seeming generally to keep within doors, leaving the thoroughfares—which, by the way, are open and pleasant enough—principally to young girls and children.

We have permanent barracks, provided by the county, upon what would be a very satisfactory scale, but for some important deficiencies. On one side of the large square are the commandants' and officers' rooms, the armoury, and store-rooms, the guard-room, and the cells for prisoners. Opposite, are the magazine, and a covered shed for the occasional accommodation of the arms. The third side is occupied by the quarters of the non-commissioned officers, and the fourth side cannot be said to be occupied at all; it is open, and the wall forms the boundary of the back gardens of the adjacent houses. The head-quarters' staff entertained here all the year round consists of between thirty and forty persons, including the adjutant, quartermaster, and assistant-surgeon; the principal surgeon lives elsewhere, and appears only during training. The remainder of the staff includes non-commissioned officers, bandmen, and buglers: the latter an important element, as the regiment is light. There are no quarters in the barracks for commissioned officers, nor for the men. The officers of the permanent staff have houses conveniently close by, and the others take lodgings in

the neighbourhood: two shillings a day each, being allowed for the purpose by a considerate country. The men are accommodated in a similar manner upon a humble scale, for the small charge of fourpence each per day, except in the case of those who have homes within reachable distances.

It is muster morning, and ten o'clock is the time for assembling in the barrack square. The ground has been already marked out for the position of the companies, from Number One to Number Ten, or rather from A to K, according to the recent nomenclature of authority, the letter J being omitted. By nine o'clock or so, a few men have arrived, and, taking their respective places, form a skeleton of the battalion. The recruits, too, who have been hard at drill for a fortnight previously, are soon on the ground, and take a position of their own: the more efficient among them being drafted from time to time into companies. The appearance of the men is not cheering to the unaccustomed observer, who thinks them about the roughest lot he has ever seen. But there are rougher to come, and in the roughest depths there always seems to be a rougher still, who is continually making his appearance. The prevailing fashion among them is to be visibly unkempt and unshorn, with a strong suspicion of being unwashed. As to costume, fustian is an evident favourite, and there is a strong attachment to corduroy; the fur cap of costermongering life is a strong peculiarity, with which the billycock of more general adoption gracefully contends. You will not see any without coats or boots, but shirts and socks are not invariable; and you may observe some in such tatters as might secure the wearers immediate engagements as scarecrows. It must not be supposed, however, that there are *no* clean, decently dressed, and respectable looking men. Here and there you find some who might, and probably do, belong to by no means the worst class of mechanics or artisans; day labourers are also largely represented. By ten o'clock, however, when nearly all are assembled (the entire strength is a little over eight hundred) you cannot fail to remark that the preponderating element is, as far as appearance goes, of the costermongering kind. Dog-fanciers, likewise, are considerably represented in the ranks.

The officers have been arriving in the meantime, not in plain clothes, but undress uniform, which they wear on all ordinary parades. The adjutant and the quartermaster, who have no sinecure to-day, are among the first, and the colonel is not among the last. It is a pleasant gathering of old or new friends, many not having met since the previous training.

The newly joined officers, unless very recently appointed, have had four weeks' instruction with a regiment of regulars, Guards or Line as they may prefer, so that they can put in a respectable appearance on parade. For kindly consenting to make themselves efficient to this degree, they have been awarded by a grateful government, the sum of five

shillings per day; their pay in the regiment, as subalterns, amounting respectively, with lodging allowance, to nine and sixpence. In the officers' room you may soon pick up anything you want to know concerning regimental matters—why it was that some have resigned, how it is that others have got leave from the training, and so forth, with various personal matters of a more or less pleasant kind. The colonel, too, comes in, from time to time, deporting himself in the orthodox manner of commanding officers—thorough friendliness, tempered with a thorough sense of discipline. At ten o'clock, on the sound of the bugle, the officers of companies take their posts. The men are all drawn up in order. Their names having been called over, the business of the day begins. This is confined to the distribution of clothing and kits, which are brought out of the stores, and laid upon the ground in front of the companies. In some cases, the clothing is marked with the names of its former recipients, so that the re-assignment is easy; but this arrangement is not always observed; and even if it were, there would still be a great deal of trouble entailed by changes. A portion of the clothing is new, and distributed for the first time. The uniform clothing—the summer and winter trousers, jacket and tunic, shako and forage-cap—are made to last for five years: that is to say, five periods of four weeks each: after which, and under some circumstances earlier, they become the property of the soldier. At the end of each training, and before being returned into store, they are pressed and refreshed with a thorough fumigation. As for his boots, the militiaman is free to walk away in them; he also retains his two shirts and two pairs of socks, which are provided afresh every year. The other articles in his kit—razor, brushes, knife, fork, and spoon, &c.—pass into his possession after five years, on the same terms as the uniforms.

The knapsacks containing the kits are distributed first. These are all marked with names, except those issued to the recruits, so they are soon assigned. The pay-sergeant calls over the list, and the men come up one by one, as soon as they can be got into order for the purpose; but there is a great deal of talking and practical joking going on, requiring frequent repression. The sergeant is a smart specimen of a non-commissioned officer, an old linesman, wearing the ribbons of the Crimean, the Turkish, and the Indian Mutiny medals, besides that of the "long service and meritorious conduct," on the breast of his jacket. He is not a man to be trifled with.

"Jenkins!" calls the sergeant; "where's Jenkins? Oh, I see you. What do you mean by skulking in the rear? Take that pipe out of your mouth and come for your knapsack."

Jenkins, in a careless and rather sulky manner—induced by eleven months' suspension from discipline—puts his pipe, alight as it is, into his side pocket, and comes forward, muttering something about not having heard.

"Then you'd better hear next time," is the practical rejoinder. "Jones!"

Jones, who was just about to tip off the hat of an adjacent companion in arms, consents to suspend that playful act for the present, obeys the call, and gathers up his face into a respectful expression.

"Jones the Second!" says the sergeant, who does not condescend to Christian names.

Another Jones, so unmistakably a costermonger, that you expect to see his donkey in the background, steps up with unexpected alacrity. He is immediately detected to be Jones the Third, and is made to stand aside until his turn comes. Jones the Second, however, does not answer. There is a little pause, and then an intimate friend of the missing warrior intimates that he thinks Jones the Second is in prison—knows he got three months some time ago for assaulting the police.

"Well, we can't wait here till he comes out," says the sergeant. So Jones the Third gets his knapsack, immediately after which process Jones the Second appears, insinuating himself round by the rear to escape observation. He is promptly "spotted," and bullied. It appears that he has really been suffering from loss of liberty consequent upon a conflict with the civil power; however, as he was restored to the Briton's normal state of freedom two days ago, the incident is not a logical explanation of his being late this morning. So he takes his knapsack and retires to his company in disgrace.

"James the First!" is the next call. James the First, with marked disrespect for the prejudices of his royal namesake, is smoking a short pipe. There is another row about that; the sergeant acting the part of the counterblast, and successfully repressing this act of indiscipline.

"James the Second" succeeds James the First, in ostentatious defiance of historical precedent. He is a very alert, steady, and respectable man, who, if he obtained a situation as king, would as soon think of flying as of abdicating. Nobody is better aware of the fact than the sergeant, who gives him his knapsack with something like graciousness.

"James the Third!" The name and style sound Jacobitical. But James the Third is evidently not the "king over the water." Certain appearances indicate that he is rather the king over the beer. These are promptly detected, so his knapsack is withheld, and the convivial monarch is exiled to his St. Germain in the guard-room.

In this manner the other names are gone through, the process being performed concurrently in the remaining nine companies. After a short time the men begin to fall into military habits, become steady enough, and give very little trouble. Considering that they have for the most part been scattered nobody knows where, for the last eleven months, it is wonderful how few are missing, and even of those some are sure to turn up to-morrow.

The knapsacks being all distributed, the clothing takes its turn. This is a more tedious business, as so many of the men have to be fitted for the first time, or afresh, as the case may be, and the general tendency of the garments is to be too large. The latter fact is owing to the average height in the army being adopted as the basis of calculation, whereas the average height in the militia is considerably under that mark. Altogether the process of adjustment is a difficult one, and by no means satisfactory in its results. By one o'clock, however, the men are supplied, besides their kits, with jackets, trousers, and caps, and then the "parade" comes to an end. The next proceeding is to pay and dismiss. By two every man present has received his eighteen pence, with an extra tenpence "for a hot meal," which is allowed him on the first day. His pay, I should add, with the extra twopence voted last session to the army generally, is one shilling and sevenpence a day; but for the sake of convenience the difference is made up on Saturdays. For this the militiaman has to "find himself," and seems able to do so; but he has a bounty of a pound at the end of the training, and sometimes draws upon it in advance. It must be remembered, too, that he very frequently works at a trade during the training; and those who pursue avocations in connexion with a donkey and a barrow are generally allowed partial if not entire liberty on Saturdays, so that they may not sacrifice their great harvest day of the week.

During all these proceedings the officers have remained with their companies, exercising a more or less active superintendence, and preserving order and propriety in the ranks, which on the first day are always apt to run a little wild. Attendance in orderly room will probably keep them another hour, and it is likely to be three o'clock before they find themselves free.

The proceedings in orderly room are embellished with a little more variety than is to be found in the regular service, owing to the militiaman having private pursuits. These are, of course, no defence for drunkenness or general misconduct, which is met with the usual effective punishment—extra drill, loss of pay, and solitary confinement, according to the nature of the offence. And in cases which seem to call for a more severe sentence than the colonel is able to inflict upon his own authority, a court martial is summoned. For absence without leave the most ingenious reasons are assigned. Thus a man this year expected to be excused by alleging that he was going about, selling fruit, and "found himself" at Fulham instead of at Whitechapel, whither he had intended bending his steps: the consequence being that he could not get back to barracks until next morning. Such excuses are invariably taken for what they are worth, which is very little indeed.

Orderly room being over, the officers, except two who are in orders as officers of the day, may go where they will until ten o'clock to-

morrow morning; but wherever they go eventually, you may be sure that they will go now to the mess.

Our Mess is not of a very pretentious character. It is not our fault, but the fault of those familiar conditions known as "circumstances over which we have no control." We are excellently provided, as far as our barracks are concerned, but we have no mess-house, and it seems to be nobody's business to build us one. The county won't do it, and the officers have never been sufficiently enthusiastic in their own behalf to undertake the responsibility. We are obliged to find our welcome at an inn, and, as there is only one inn adequate to our purpose in the neighbourhood, we have no choice of Inns. However, we might be worse off than at the Outram Arms, where we are monarchs of all we survey, and have a flag flying in our honour from the first-floor window. The mess-room is sufficiently large for our purpose, except on guest nights, when it is a little crowded; the band plays outside, under convenient cover. With our colours—we have an old and a new set—displayed at either end, the apartment looks every inch our property. As we have our own plate, and glass, and every requisite for the table, we shall have nothing to complain of in these respects. We have also our own wine, and as we guarantee the landlord a great many more dinners than are consumed, he is able to furnish them on a pleasant scale.

On parade next morning the men are equipped in the undress clothing given out yesterday, and, being kempt, shorn, and undeniably washed, bear very little trace of their identity in private life. The change is immensely for the better. The men are transformed into soldiers, not quite equal in appearance to the Grenadier, the Coldstream, or the Scots Fusilier Guards, but bear comparison with many regiments of the line, and wear that business-like obedient look which distinguishes all regular troops from volunteers.

The boots and accoutrements are now given out, and subsequently the tunics and shakos. There is the same confusion of boots as there was of jackets and trousers; and as the boots become the property of the wearers, the wearers are especially solicitous to have them as they ought to be. By dint of changing, and changing, and changing again, remonstrating with sergeants, and appealing to officers against arbitrary decisions, every man is at last suited: a few men, perhaps, with very exceptional extremities, remaining to be provided from the store. The tunics are a trial, but even these are at last assigned, and only in a few instances is there a flagrant exhibition of the right man in the wrong coat. The distribution of the accoutrements is a very simple matter. The uniform, to say nothing of the hair-cutting and the shaving, has worked wonders. There is a general sense of duty and discipline observable throughout the ranks, and orderly ways seem to sit upon them

quite naturally. Many are old linesmen, while many more are in their second or third terms of service in the militia.

On the third day the battalion is paraded with arms, and the work of the training begins in earnest. Such of the recruits as are sufficiently advanced, are taken into the ranks, the remainder being drilled by themselves. When the regiment marches out of the barrack-yard it is with the air of being thoroughly accustomed to duty, and the movements which follow in the field bear no trace of inexperience. The result is surprising to those who have been accustomed to consider military training as a special thing which can be combined with no other pursuit; for the volunteers, coming as they do from so different a class of men, are not a case in point. I would not venture to say either that all militia regiments are equally efficient, but I know that the average is far better than is generally supposed; and there is very good reason why a militiaman should make quicker progress than a volunteer, and ultimately become a more steady soldier. He is trained under strict discipline, and while "out", is kept at constant work; there is no shirking; and not only does he know that his pay depends upon his doing his duty, but that punishment will surely visit its neglect.

After the first day out there is no cessation of parades. The effect is soon apparent among the men, who become steady and soldierlike to an extent that no one could possibly expect who saw them for the first time at the muster. I don't mean to say that they invariably read improving books in their leisure hours, or that they ask one another to tea, or that they make any professions of being so virtuous as to shame other people from their cakes and ale. But I do mean to say that they are wonderfully orderly on the whole; that a very small proportion of them are brought up to the orderly room, or incur any severe punishment; and that we very seldom hear of complaints in the neighbourhood.

The training of the officers is more difficult than the training of the men, and some naturally adapt themselves to their duties more readily and more successfully than others. But the mania for efficiency has of late become so great that we all have to do our best. Some among even the officers of companies have served in the line, while others have the opportunity of keeping up their drill in volunteer regiments. Otherwise the short period of annual service in "the constitutional force of the country" is very far from being sufficient to bring the militia up to the mark of the regulars. It is only when a militia regiment is embodied for a year or two at a time that it has a fair chance. There have been no militia regiments embodied for a longer period than the regular four weeks, since the days of the Crimean war, and the Indian mutiny; but the experience then gained was of a very favourable character, and greatly increased the estimation of the force by authority.

Our life during training is very like the lives of any other officers in country quarters who do not live in barracks. After the first week, symptoms of a contagious disease, known as asking for leave, take a confirmed form. The instincts in this direction are, indeed, in some cases abnormally developed, and require a check from superior command, which, to do superior command justice, they generally get. We receive a great deal of attention from the local gentry, who are hospitality itself. Upon all great occasions there is a request, either verbally or in writing, for uniform; but some among us, who take their tone from the Guards, steadily refuse to confer this innocent enjoyment. In church on Sundays, when we go with the men, uniform is indispensable. One officer has to go with the Catholics, who usually form a tolerably strong detachment. The Wesleyans have also the option of attending their place of worship, but every man is made to go somewhere. The rule is the same all through the service.

The officers vary both as to professional and social peculiarities. There is the model officer, who has been in the line, and who, while secretly regarding the Militia service as mild, sets a severe example to those who are inclined to take a light or frivolous view of its demands. The officer who has been in the line always looks with regretful sadness upon another class of his comrades in arms, represented by the officer with mysterious leave. The latter usually does his duty properly enough when present; but he is continually disappearing for a day, and turning up again, impervious to all questioning. He has urgent private affairs, I take it, of a kind to demand recognition, which cannot be said for the officer who shirks upon system, who, you may be sure, is not unrepresented in the regiment. Then there is the easy-going officer, whose lodgings are always full of lunch and ladies, and who is dropped in upon very generally in consequence of the double attraction. He will probably have his mother and sisters to see him occasionally, but, as a general rule, draws a "hard-and-fast line" at cousins and friends. He has always the best lodgings in the place, and is one of the two officers who have pianofortes at command.

Another variety is the officer who is going to get his company. He has perhaps been of the light-and-airy school, but, on a sudden, manifests great respect for his duty, and is found "mugging up" the red book at odd times with great enthusiasm. He has a great dread of being spun, but, of course, will not confess the fact. It is to be hoped that he will not make the same mistake which was once made by a subaltern in the line, undergoing an examination for a step. He had got his answers by heart in anticipation of the questions, but had not calculated on the order in which the latter would be asked.

"How old are you?" said the examining authority.

"Five, sir," was the prompt answer—he

had a great notion that he ought to answer promptly.

"How many years have you been in the service?" asked the examining authority, giving him another chance.

"Twenty-three, sir," was the ready reply.

"Either you are a fool or I am," said the examining authority severely.

"Both, sir," answered the unconscious subaltern, not daring to listen, and believing that he was getting on remarkably well—a delusion which I need scarcely say was dispelled in a very decided manner.

But the officer who is going to get his company is quite eclipsed by the officer who has got it. The moral tone of the latter goes up wonderfully, and he makes very severe remarks upon those of his friends who take a light and airy view of the service—assuring them in private that it is not a mere plaything, but must be considered in the light of a serious responsibility, and hinting at the extraordinary efficiency which in these days is necessary for promotion. The officer who is always going to resign is another character. He is about to take this desperate step every time he gets "fits" from the colonel; but he never takes it. A great acquisition to the regiment is the officer who is always doing somebody else's duty. He does it because he is good natured, but makes the excuse that it "improves" him. We call him the chronic subaltern of the day. The musical officer who has composed a polka, and is the inevitable band president, is another acquisition, and a popular fellow. The latter description, too, must be given of the latest subaltern: who is always boasting, without any reason at all—for at heart he is strictly abstemious—of the number of "sodas and brandies" he takes at mess. He says sixteen, and is pleasantly told by authority that fourteen is the limit allowed in the regiment. It is he of whom the story is told that being suddenly left by the captain to take his company to church, he ordered the usual compliment to the guard on passing, in this manner: "Here, Number 3, 4, 5, or whatever you are, do that thing that you know you always do to the guard." This is as military as the order given by the volunteer colonel (an alderman) when marching through the city, to "Turn up Chancery-lane." New subalterns, by the way, are always very important when pay day comes, and they are actually to have solid recognition for their services; but their transports are considerably modified when they find ten guineas taken for entrance subscription to the mess, and that, counting other claims, instead of receiving anything, they have a little deficiency to make good. It is the two junior officers, too, who carry the colours, and for the privilege of this "honourable bore"—as I have heard the duty described—they are each expected to pay, upon the first occasion, a sovereign to their sergeants.

Of course we return the hospitalities of the locality, as far as the mess is concerned, and our

guest nights are very grand occasions in their way. It is on the off-nights, when we are among ourselves and talk "shop," that we really develop. Then it is that you may hear our wants discussed and our wishes shadowed forth. The service is not popular, and there is a general opinion among its officers that it does not meet with sufficient attention, especially in comparison with the volunteers. Militia officers, it is said, ought to hold the queen's commission instead of a lord lieutenant's; they ought to have some advantages in the way of brevet promotion; they ought to be allowed facilities for exchanging from one regiment to another as in the line:—an arrangement which would keep many officers in the service who now leave merely because they wish to leave their regiments. Perhaps some of these points will be borne in mind in certain changes understood to be in contemplation for the militia force. Already a tendency has been shown to form a link between the militia and the line. I allude to the institution of the Militia Reserve, by an Act of parliament passed last session, and just beginning to take effect. The main provision of this is, that a certain proportion of men in the militia, unmarried, under thirty years of age, and having attested physical fitness, who may hold themselves liable for five years, in the event of war, to be drafted into the line, shall receive, in advance, a bounty of one pound per annum. The inducement offered is of course the chance that such men may not be wanted at all, and will get their bounty for nothing. That the plan will work well when thoroughly understood seems probable enough; but this season I doubt if it has been attended with any great results. And it is incomplete, inasmuch as it makes no provision for officers, who need encouragement, and would in many cases be encouraged were facilities afforded them for entering the regular service. The majority of these would never dream of making the army a profession, but on the other hand an opportunity of the kind would attract many who have passed the prescribed age for direct commissions, and—with a useful effect probably on the line—would certainly popularise the militia service.

The last week of the training is distinguished by its most important event—the Inspection. Hitherto the office has been performed by a lieutenant-colonel of one of the Guards' regiments, but this year the duty devolves upon the newly appointed Deputy Inspector of Reserve Forces. It is a trying time. Not only is the regiment made to show what it can do in the field, but its interior economy is closely examined, failings of every kind are laid bare, and the officers of companies are subjected to a close investigation of their knowledge and capacity. We passed the ordeal in a triumphant manner, and were able to entertain the inspecting officer at lunch when all was over, without any detraction from our dignity. The inspection came so late in the training that, when it was over, there was nothing left for us

to do but undo everything we had done in the way of organisation. We have returned the arms to the armoury, taken in the clothing and accoutrements, and have paid off the men, who, in their habits as they live for eleven months in the year, are fast leaving the barrack-yard. There has been a great deal of onerous work as regards accounts, but it is all over; and even the mess is broken up, for the waggon which has just driven in at the gate, brings the plate and other property back into the stores, where it will remain until next year under the care of our zealous quartermaster—a model man for the work, besides being a linesman of distinguished service—with a blaze of medals on his breast and a wonderful story about each, and an additional wonderful story about some elephants, which he always tells when he is in a good humour, which he always is. Orderly-room is just over, and we are all about to part. Two of us who are on duty must stay to visit the guard, and the solitary sentry remaining; for the sentry at the magazine is taken off as we have no more ammunition. At twelve o'clock to-night the guard will go, and the barracks be left to the permanent staff. There is a shaking of hands all round, a kind word from our colonel, and we all go our ways.

EIDER DUCKS.

THOUGH the Eider duck is common along the whole coast of Norway, and may be seen in large numbers on many parts of the western shore, it is more especially in the far north that it finds a home. On those rocky islands, or "holms," which fringe the north-west coast of the country, and which form a barrier against the fury of the Atlantic and Arctic Sea, they breed in very great numbers, and are very jealously protected. Not a gun may be fired in their neighbourhood; even foreign vessels are forbidden to salute, near an eider-duck island. For many of these barren reefs, which are almost entirely without vegetation, swarm with eider ducks, which resort thither to build, and render them properties of no small value to the owners, who collect the down from the nests for exportation.

The best down is that which is found in the nest, and which the female plucks from her breast. It is called "live" down, to distinguish it from that which is plucked off the dead bird; and there is an appreciable difference between the two, both as regards price and quality. If a handful of "live" down be thrown into the air, it will adhere together in a compact mass, even though a brisk breeze be blowing; but the "dead" down would be blown about in all directions. "Live" down, when exposed to the warmth of sun or fire, will rise much more than dead. Since in Norway the eider duck is under the protection of the government, which heavily fines any one who kills one of the birds, but little "dead" down is exported from that country. But in Greenland and in parts of

Iceland, the birds do not meet with the same considerate attention, and are therefore frequently destroyed for their down's sake.

The eider drake is a remarkably handsome bird, and is nearly double the size of an ordinary farm-yard duck; the duck, which is smaller than her mate, is of a sombre brown colour. She generally lays from five to eight eggs, after which she will begin to sit, unless the eggs be taken. But as it is the object of the proprietor of a colony of ducks to get as much down as possible, the nest is generally robbed once or even twice of its down and eggs, to induce the bird to lay again and pluck a further supply from her breast.

It is a most interesting sight to visit one of these Norwegian duck colonies, and observe the jealous care with which the birds are treated. The ducks approve of it, and become so tame that they will even suffer themselves to be taken off their nest by the "gudewife."

Mr. Shepherd, in The North-west Peninsula of Iceland, gives a most interesting account of a visit he paid to an eider-duck island off the extreme western part of the country. It was but three-quarters of a mile in width, and was almost entirely surrounded by a stone wall about three feet high. Every alternate stone at the bottom of this wall had been taken out, leaving a hole for the duck to build her nest in. When he visited it every compartment was tenanted, and "it was a curious sight," he writes, "to see a whole line of ducks fly out from the wall as I walked along it." The island belonged to a widow woman, who devoted all her care to the rearing of the eider duck, and who doubtless made a pretty good thing out of it. The walls and roof of her dwelling, moreover, were covered with ducks, while even "a duck was sitting in the scraper."

The eider duck is a very close sitter, and her mate is ever on the watch to protect her from intruders, or give her timely notice of approaching danger. Foxes and ravens are among their deadliest and craftiest enemies; and these will frequently come and pull the duck off her nest in order to rob her of her eggs, or callow brood.

Take for example this true story of an eider duck and a raven. The duck was sitting assiduously on her nest, for hatching time was near. But a crafty raven, ever on the look out for eggs, made up his mind to have a treat at her expense. The eider duck being a heavy bird, is not very easily dislodged. The raven attacked in the rear, and with his powerful beak laid hold of her tail, to pull her backward. The duck, from sitting so long, was scarcely a match for the robber, and would have been forced to give way. But the drake, on guard near by, presently saw the assault on his wife, and hastened to the rescue. So intent was the raven upon getting at the eggs, that the drake was on him before he was aware. With head erect and ruffled feathers he made a sudden dart at the raven, and took a firm grip of his enemy's neck with his strong beak. The raven

at once gave up his hold of the duck's tail. But do what he would, he could not get his neck out of the drake's beak, and, from the position in which he was held, his own beak and his claws were useless. He would have flown up could he have done so, carrying the drake with him; but this was impossible. Moreover he was being choked. One side of the rock on which the struggle took place, sloped gradually down to the sea, and it was the drake's purpose to drag his enemy in this direction. Slowly but surely he succeeded. In vain did the raven with the eider drake upon him, flap his powerful wings; they only beat the ground. In vain did he utter the hoarsest of cries. At one time it seemed as if the raven would have escaped after all; but never once did his opponent loosen the hold on his throat, until he was dragged to the edge of the rock whence the drake rolled down with him into the sea. A splash, a ripple, and the two birds locked together vanished from the surface. The drake presently came up again. The black assailant of his wife remained below.

Eider down needs a good deal of cleaning and dressing, as the pieces of grass and twigs of which the nest is made get so intermingled with it, that it is not easy to get rid of them entirely. Each duck yields on an average about eight ounces of down, which is reduced one half by dressing. The method of cleaning is to spread the down out in the sun to dry, and as in those far northern latitudes for six weeks the sun never sets below the horizon, it soon dries. Should rainy weather set in, the down has to be dried in ovens. The particles of grass and twigs, becoming brittle, are picked out by hand, and the down is placed on sieves to be well riddled until all the small bits and the dust have fallen through. It is then ready for exportation, and is shipped chiefly to Denmark.

Most of the down in the London market comes from Greenland and Iceland, and is not nearly so valuable as the Norwegian, because the greater part of that which comes from the first-named countries is the dead down. Once or twice the writer has had eider down sent him from a "holm" on the other side of the North Cape, and has always found it expedient to have this down dressed over again. In buying eider down, therefore, the purchaser must not mind if he find twigs and dust mixed up with it, for he may rest assured that he has the genuine article. Eider down plucked off the dead bird, is perfectly clean, but not nearly so valuable.

It takes (according to size) from one and a half to three pounds of down to make a quilt. It is a great mistake to cram too much down into the quilt, as it then becomes lumpy, and defeats the object in view, which is to have the quilt as light as possible.

There are two methods of making a quilt, adopted in Norway and Sweden; the one is to "quilt" it, and this is the best way, for it prevents the down from collecting in masses in any particular part; the other is what may be

called the tubular method. Little pockets or tubes of fine linen running the whole length of the quilt, are filled with the down, which then receives its covering of silk. But in farm-houses in the interior of the country, the down is frequently put into a bag the size of the bed; and as there is nothing to prevent it from collecting in one corner, the result generally is that the occupant of the bed will wake up with the quilt on the ground, and himself freezing.

The nest of the eider duck should never be robbed of its down more than twice, and even then it is a piteous sight to see the bird with her breast almost bare. It is said that when her supply of down is exhausted, the drake will make up the deficiency from his own breast. The down of the drake, by the way, is as white as swans' down.

The eggs that have been taken are kept for the winter's supply, but the duck is allowed to bring up the second batch in peace and quietness. And thus, as there is a natural instinct more or less developed in all creatures to breed in the old spot where they first saw the light, it depends almost entirely on the owner whether his colony of ducks shall flourish, or shall dwindle away to one or two couples.

Many, to their sorrow, have often killed the golden goose for her eggs, but in these days the eider duck is usually treated as she deserves, with kindness and care: attentions which she never fails to repay "tenfold out of her bosom."

THE CENTRAL WORLD.

Who was the Bruce among many Bruces who discovered the Central World? Whereabouts is the cottage in Kent to which he retired after he had come back from his wonderful voyage?

I do not know, and yet I flatter myself that I am the only person on earth under sixty years of age who ever heard of this particular Bruce at all. Curious as were his discoveries, he is certainly not famous.

My knowledge of Bruce is derived from a little book containing rather more than forty pages, which in 1802 was published by Mr. S. Fisher, of St. John's-lane, Clerkenwell, and which bears this elaborate title: "Bruce's voyage to Naples and journey up Mount Vesuvius; giving an account of the strange disaster which happened on his arrival at the summit; the discovery of the Central World, with the laws, customs, and manners of that nation described; their swift and peculiar mode of travelling; the wonderful riches, virtue, and knowledge the inhabitants possess; the author's travels in that country; and the friendly reception he met with from its sovereign and his people." This title is not a specimen of elegant composition, nor can much be said of the aquatint frontispiece, which represents a young man with his eyes blindfolded and an old man with his eyes wide open, each astride on a flying eagle. Nevertheless, the title and the aquatint

both inspired me with a certain amount of curiosity, and I went steadily through the little book which chance had thrown into my hands.

Nor was I ill rewarded for my slight trouble. The work attributed to Bruce is one of those many accounts of visits to imaginary or inaccessible regions that have been written with the view of satirising the world with which the author is familiar. Famed specimens of the genus are to be found in the works of Rabelais, Quevedo, Swift, and Fielding. Less famed specimens help to make up the voluminous collection of "imaginary voyages" edited by Garnier, and published in French towards the end of the last century. Bruce, as I have said, is not famous at all. He, or the person to whom he owes his being, was born—not like many a great man, before—but after, his time. Had he stepped into existence a few years sooner, he would probably have occupied a niche in the Pantheon of Garnier.

But now to tell what befel this by no means notorious Bruce. Having been very ill used and utterly ruined at home, he went on board a man-of-war as clerk to a kindly captain, and sailing to Naples, made the ascent of Mount Vesuvius with a chosen party, of whom the captain was one. When he had gone as high as folks usually went, he resolved, contrary to the advice of his excellent friend, to proceed a little further, and peep into the crater. No sooner had he closely approached it on all fours than the ground sank beneath him, and he went headforemost somewhere, so completely surrounded by fire and sulphur that he was well-nigh suffocated. Instead of coming to a quick and sudden termination, as is the case with common falls, Bruce's fall went on, and the view that met Bruce's eye was perpetually changing. Sometimes there was nothing but fire and smoke, sometimes he was charmed with a brilliancy apparently produced by the lustre of innumerable jewels, and then came a resplendent glory that dazzled him outright. Still the fall went on, and presently the excessive glory was subdued into an agreeable light, and a globe, in which were seas, continents, mountains, and islands, eventually became visible to Bruce, who alighted on a load of hay that had been heaped together in a field. As he did not now seem to be above some six yards from the ground, he placed himself on the edge of the heap and slid down the side; but had no sooner reached the bottom than he found himself fixed as an iron nail by a powerful magnet. He would have perished in this miserable state had not a venerable old man come up to him, and, after breathing a short prayer, anointed him with the contents of a small box, which at once not only set him free, but rendered him as light as a feather. His first impulse was to fall on his knees and to kiss the hand of his benefactor, but he found, to his astonishment, that this form of expressing gratitude was rather offensive than otherwise. The old gentleman, however, was not so much annoyed that he forgot

the laws of hospitality; so, taking Bruce by a way on which the dust was of gold and the pebbles precious stones, he brought him to his own house (the walls of which were mostly composed of jewels), and introduced him to his wife: a pleasant old lady, who, in the first instance, regaled him with a glass of cordial. The language in which the amiable couple conversed was altogether strange to Bruce, but the old gentleman soon set him right by anointing the tip of his tongue, his ears, his forehead, his temples, and the crown of his head. He was then enabled to understand and converse with his new acquaintance.

A sojourn with the hospitable old gentleman soon made Bruce acquainted with the domestic habits of the nation now brought to his notice. Three per day was the number of meals, none of which lasted more than ten minutes, and which all consisted of vegetable food. For beds, the people used a mattress, with a rug or quilt for their only covering; so hardy were they rendered by this mode of living, that the average length of life among them was three hundred years, and a man of one hundred and fifty was thought to have attained his prime. Their dress was a kind of petticoat, reaching from the waist to the ankles; their shoes, made of leather, were large and easy; and they wore their hair and beards to a great length, in the belief that it was impiety to destroy a manifest gift of their Creator.

But, after all, where was Bruce when he made his interesting observations? This he did not exactly know himself until he had been enlightened by his venerable host, who informed him that the world in which he now sojourned was the very centre of the globe which men call the earth. The Newtonian law, according to which the attraction of gravitation varies inversely as the square of the distance from the centre, thus fully accounted for Bruce's adhesion to the soil, when he alighted from the load of hay. The Central World is one thousand miles in diameter, and necessarily having no light from the sun, is illumined by the concave surface of the earth, which is thickly studded with jewels of enormous size. Bruce, looking as if he did not precisely understand how a jewel, large or small, could shine in the dark, was informed that the Central World itself constantly emitted rays, which fell or rather rose upon the gems, and the efficiency of which was further increased by an atmosphere thirty miles high. This system of give and take having satisfactorily accounted for the existence of day, the phenomenon of night had yet to be explained; Bruce, to his infinite edification, was informed that an opaque body, of exactly the same size and area as half the concave surface of the earth, performed a complete revolution in twenty-four hours, and thus for twelve hours shut out the light reflected by the jewels. The Centralians, however, are not without their star-lit nights, for the opaque body is itself sprinkled with large gems, which answer the purpose of the constellations in the

heavens contemplated by the inhabitants of the earth's surface.

Taking an early walk one morning, and finding himself rather fatigued, Bruce laid himself on a field that was one carpet of lovely flowers, and delighted himself with listening to the songs of the innumerable birds that surrounded him. For some time he remained motionless, lest by stirring he might frighten them away; but at last, venturing to raise his head in order to examine them more closely, he was pleased to find that, far from being timid, some of them perched on his head, some on his shoulders, and one even on his hand. While he was agreeably amused by a concert of these "feathered songsters" (a name commonly given to birds in 1802), he was found by his host, who, taking him home to breakfast, explained to him that the tameness of the birds, which appeared so surprising, was a natural result of the manners and customs of the country. Where other animals are devoured and persecuted by man, they usually fear and dislike him; but among the Centralians, whose diet consists exclusively of vegetables, and who would not on any account take the life of any being more highly organised than a cabbage, they find no cause for alarm. It may be added that the kindness of the Centralians to speechless creatures is in some measure founded on a firm belief that all animals are endowed with souls, and that acts dictated by reason have been wrongly attributed to instinct. This belief leads to the further inference that, inasmuch as beasts birds and insects are mostly free from the vices incident to humanity, they are really superior to the men we commonly find on the surface of the earth. The savage satire of Swift's *Voyage to Houyhnhnms* is thus repeated in a mild and amiable tone.

Further experiences familiarised Bruce with the docility of brutes in the Central World. A lion, whom he accidentally roused from sleep, licked his feet and fawned on him—nay, even brought back a large stone which he flung, to ascertain if the formidable animal had the usual habits of a faithful dog. Once, the evil nature he had acquired in the outer world, prompted him, on the discovery of a sitting hare, to long for a gun, and he picked up a stone as an imperfect substitute; but the fearlessness with which the little creature ran up to him, and played a thousand tricks around him, touched his conscience, so, desisting from his infamous purpose, he resolved to be "more circumspect for the future."

After Bruce had passed some time with the family of his excellent host, the eldest son, a youth of seventy, proposed a jaunt to the capital, which being only three hundred miles off, could easily be reached by daylight, if they started at eight o'clock in the morning. The proposal was accepted with joy; and when the appointed time arrived, Bruce and the son, fortified by the host's wife with a basket containing sweet cakes and fruits, and a bottle of excellent cordial, prepared for their

journey. The vehicle in which this was to be performed, and which was standing at the door, was in shape somewhat like a one-horse chaise, but on each side of it, in lieu of wheels, were two bladders, ten times as large as those of an ordinary bullock. Before the chaise, to which they were fastened by silken cords, were two green birds, each about twice as big as a very large swan. These, of course, were to draw the vehicle, while the bladders were to keep it in a proper equilibrium.

The chaise having risen with Bruce and his companion to the level of a quarter of a mile, they floated smoothly along until, at the end of three hours, they stopped to pay a visit to the old man's daughter: a fine young girl of fifty, who had only been lately married, and was living in a country seat immediately beneath them. The mode of alighting was curious. Bruce's companion, when they were immediately over the court of the house, took some small cakes from his robe, which he threw upon the ground, and the birds, tempted by the sight of food, immediately descended. When the travellers had been set down at the gate of an elegant house, the birds were instantly released, and flew out of sight, to the infinite surprise of Bruce, who was, however, informed by his friend that there would be no difficulty about the rest of the journey. The lady received her guests with due hospitality, and conducted them to her husband, who, she said, was fishing in the garden. Do not let it be supposed that Izaak Walton's delightful book had fallen into the hand of this sporting gentleman and tempted him to depart from the usages of the Central World. "Fishing," in the ideas of that country, meant something very different from angling, as Bruce soon perceived. The gentleman in the garden was standing by a pond, near which was a cistern of clear water and a vessel full of grain. When he stirred the pond with a stick, fishes ran by hundreds to the surface, and taking them out gently with his hand he cast them into the cistern, flinging after them some grain. When they had been sufficiently regaled he emptied the cistern into the pond; and Bruce reflected how much greater must be the pleasure of catching fish, with no other intent than to feed them, than that of taking them with hooks, and then leaving them on the ground to expire in agonies.

The newly married pair, at whose house this exercise of benevolence was observed, seem to have been rather more smartly attired than the Centralians in general. The gentleman, whose beard was not very long, inasmuch as he was only seventy years of age, wore on his head a turban of blue satin, adorned with crimson plumes; his jacket and petticoat were white, and his robe was crimson. The lady had black hair, which hung down in ringlets to her waist; her jacket and petticoat were pink; and as she did not wear a robe, the gracefulness of her person was distinctly perceptible, especially as she was not disfigured by stays.

The journey to the capital was not resumed

until the following morning, when a whistle from Bruce's companion brought together a number of birds like the first pair, from which two were selected. At half-past one in the afternoon they reached Oudenteminos, as the capital was called, and put up at the house of a friend.

The form of the city is accurately described. Its centre is (Hibernicé) a large octagon square, from each side of which proceeds a street a mile in length, and as broad as the Haymarket. Narrower thoroughfares and ground for the use of the inhabitants occupy the spaces between the eight streets, at the end of each of which is a church, a still larger church having been erected in the central square. At the distance of about half a mile from the town stands the palace of the king, who, far from being highly elevated above the rest of his fellows, considers himself the principal servant of his people. Indeed, he has come to the throne not by hereditary succession, which is unknown, but simply because he is the oldest man in the country: the age of every person being registered to prevent mistakes.

The origin of evil, even in our wicked world, has been regarded by both philosophers and theologians as one of the most difficult of problems. This problem becomes still harder in the case of the Centralians, who seem so perfectly good, that they do not require the curb of any executive power. Nevertheless, they have an origin of evil peculiar to themselves. About a century before Bruce's descent, a great multitude of the inhabitants of the outer world, members of the most wicked race that ever existed (and consequently not Englishmen), having, as a punishment for their sins, been swallowed up by an earthquake, a hundred or so of both sexes arrived safe in the Central World, and were hospitably received. So ill, however, did they behave that the Centralians were soon obliged to confine them to one spot, which was thenceforward called the earthly quarter. There is no doubt that the people thus complimented are the Portuguese, and that the earthquake is that which destroyed Lisbon; but the Centralians, otherwise so good, seem to have been indifferent chronologists, for the calamity of Portugal occurred in 1755, and Bruce's book was published in 1802, so that the lapse of a century is hard to make out. The use made of the foreign quarter in explaining the origin of evil in the Central World is this: the Centralians, though good are not incapable of sin, and hence some unlucky fellow, who strays into the unclean district may possibly be drawn into mischief.

The humility of the king is only one instance of the equality that prevails through the Central World. Wisdom and old age are alone treated with exceptional respect. The rapid increase of population, and the spontaneous productiveness of the soil, make the employment of servants unnecessary; and the abundance of metals and jewels, precious in the outward world, depriving them of their value, there is no aristocracy of wealth.

On entering the royal palace, Bruce was at once enabled to detect the king by his stature, which exceeded six feet, his majestic costume, and his snow-white beard, which descended to his waist. The turban of the monarch was of white satin, covered with feathers of the most beautiful colours, his jacket and petticoat were blue, and his robe was purple. Great Britain, it seems, enjoys a good character among the Centralians, for the king no sooner heard that Bruce was an Englishman than he congratulated him on his good fortune. "The Britons," said he, "were always a brave, generous, and free people, and never failed to reward merit whenever they discovered it." An invitation to dine with the monarch was a natural result of this favourable opinion, and Bruce had the pleasure of meeting at table a countryman named Thompson, who had distinguished himself in England as an honest lawyer, and who, having about a hundred years previously tumbled through one of the marshes of Lincolnshire or Essex, had thus reached the Central World, which had agreed so well with his constitution, that he did not look above forty years of age.

Crime being so extremely rare in the Central World, Bruce might deem himself particularly lucky when he heard in the palace that a trial was to take place on the following day, and that he would have an opportunity of witnessing it. Eight o'clock in the morning was the hour appointed for the judicial proceeding, and the persons who were to go with the king having assembled at an early hour in the palace, they all set off for the place of trial, which was a large field. On this occasion the king, who seated himself on an eminence raised for the purpose, with seventy of the oldest persons in the country ranged on each side of him, wore a black dress and turban, without the usual ornament of feathers.

As soon as the prisoner was brought before the court, the charge brought against him was formally stated by the king, who opened his discourse by averring that, although he had lived nearly four hundred years, this was the most painful moment he had ever experienced. He had known the prisoner from infancy, and could affirm that the life of the unhappy man had been blameless, until a silly curiosity had caused him to pay a visit to the foreign quarter, where he had remained for above a month. When on his way homeward, he began to fear that he had offended his father by his long absence; so he called upon a friend, who was the prosecutor in the case, and implored him to do his best as a well-wisher to the family. The friend, accordingly, waited on the father, but finding him somewhat sternly disposed, kept the returned wanderer at his house for some three weeks, continuing his solicitations in the mean time. A reconciliation was at last effected, but the unworthy prodigal was no sooner reconciled with his father, than he informed him that this very friend had persuaded him to remain so long absent, and had even caused him to visit the

earthly quarter. He had also behaved in an indecorous manner towards his friend's daughter, a young lady who was of the tender age of thirty, and therefore quite unable to take her own part. All these facts made up a case of ingratitude: a crime which the Centralians regard with an abhorrence equal to that of the ancient Egyptians.

The prisoner pleading guilty, the king pronounced the sentence, which was to the effect, that he should be conducted back to the place from whence he came, and that after he had there had his hair and beard cut off, he was to be taken to the earthly quarter, never to leave it upon pain of death.

Shortly afterwards an express arrived from the earthly quarter, conveying the information that the inhabitants of that unblessed region, then increased to the number of two thousand, were all up in arms, and contemplated nothing less than the immediate destruction of the Central Empire. The evil design was thwarted: a sudden incursion proving so effectual, that the enemy was utterly disabled from wreaking further mischief. The banished man, on this occasion, exerted himself so heartily in the cause of his fellow-citizens, that he received a free pardon, and was allowed to return from exile.

One day, while he was walking in the fields, Bruce perceived in the air a dark body, about the size of half-a-crown, which was evidently descending from the earth above. When it had fallen, it proved, on closer inspection, to be a man who had treated him with base ingratitude prior to his departure from England. With the aid of the bottle of ointment he raised the man from the ground, forbidding him, in accordance with the lessons he had received, to embrace his knees. Mr. Worldly—so the man was named, no sooner recognised Bruce, than he showed the deepest contrition, and explained his unhappy situation by saying that he had fallen down a chasm in one of the Derbyshire mountains. In spite of all the care bestowed upon him, the miserable penitent expired in three days.

Bruce having learned from Worldly deceased that his relations had shown great grief at his supposed death, and would probably be charmed to see him, his repugnance to quit the Central World at the end of the year—which limited a stranger's right to dwell in that blest abode—was lessened, though he did not exactly see how his return to the upper regions was to be effected. As he had still two or three months on his hands, he thought he could not do better than pass them with the good old gentleman who had been so kind to him on his arrival. This wish he enunciated to the son, who, it will be remembered, was his travelling companion, and whom he found even more anxious than himself to quit the capital. The youth had that very day received a letter from a lady in his father's neighbourhood, accepting an offer of his hand, and was desirous to complete his happiness with all possible speed. Bruce, when returning to the residence of his

old friends, had thus an opportunity of witnessing a wedding ceremony remarkable for its unaffected simplicity. The father of the bride conducted his daughter into the middle of an assembly, and the same good office was done by the father of the bridegroom for his son. Hands were joined, fidelity was promised, and that was all. Let it not be forgotten by the present narrator that the bridegroom was dressed all in white, with the exception of his robe, which was sky-colour, and that he looked exceedingly smart.

At length the time for quitting the charming Central World, where nature was so kind, minds were so pure, and life was so long, was close at hand; the worthy old gentleman, informed by Bruce of his approaching departure, offered to be his companion. Leave having been taken of all good company, two very large birds, each with a long ribbon fastened to its back, were brought to the door on the appointed day, and on the backs of these Bruce and his venerable friend, who held the reins for both, ascended into the air. After a journey of about six hours Bruce arrived at the concave surface of the earth's crust, and his eyes were dazzled by the jewels with which it was studded; but soon the travellers were surrounded by a total darkness, and space was so confined that the birds were scarcely able to move their wings. This change was occasioned by the passage through the crust itself.

They reached the convex surface of the earth, within a few miles of London; and when Bruce was informed by his companion that he must now submit to have his eyes blinded for a while, in order that the entrance into the other world might remain a secret, of course he made no resistance, and after a quarter of an hour's more travel alighted on the ground; but when he opened his eyes the birds were gone. The effect of the ointment, which was to diminish the power of gravitation, was now found inconvenient, for the attraction of the earth being necessarily less at its surface than at its centre, Bruce could scarcely keep his feet to the ground, and got two or three tumbles on his nose. A certain liquid sprinkled upon him by his prudent friend soon, however, brought him to his proper weight.

Lovely as they were, the costumes of the Central World were, as we have seen, not in the London fashion; so Bruce's first thoughts were in the direction of an old acquaintance who lived in Piccadilly, and dealt in articles of attire. Thither the travellers proceeded. The effect of their appearance upon the unsophisticated maid-servant who opened the door was so powerful that she cried out, "A ghost! a ghost!" and, by her screams, brought her master down stairs. A sojourn in the immaculate Central World had not rendered Bruce incapable of earthly mendacity, so he told his

Piccadilly friend, who recognised him at once, that he had been out masquerading; adding that his companion was a foreigner, who spoke no English, and that the long beard, which had excited remark, was in conformity to the custom of his country. The West-end tradesman lent Bruce a couple of guineas for immediate expenses, and asked him and his companion to dine with him on the following day.

As they are going to bed at the hotel after their dinner in Piccadilly, the old Centralian tells Bruce that he will return home on the following morning, and warning him not to quit his room earlier than usual, or pry into things that concern him not, takes an affectionate leave of him.

"May the Creator preserve you, and may you not trust mankind!" Those were the last words spoken by the good old man to Bruce, who when he was alone looked after his affairs. His relations received him kindly and settled a sum of money upon him—which was gratifying; but they refused to believe his account of the Central World—which was disgusting. So he resolved to keep as little company as possible, and bought a small cottage in Kent, where he settled down in the pleasing hope of receiving some day a promised visit from his Central acquaintance.

There the book ends. Whether Bruce is still in Kent, living on lingering hope, like *Le Pauvre Jacques* in the French play, or whether his hope has been realised, the present narrator is unable to say. Nay, what is more, he does not in the least believe that any one can give him the slightest information on the subject.

FAREWELL SERIES OF READINGS

BY

MR. CHARLES DICKENS.

MESSRS. CHAPPELL and Co. beg to announce that, knowing it to be the determination of MR. DICKENS finally to retire from Public Reading soon after his return from America, they (as having been honoured with his confidence on previous occasions) made proposals to him while he was still in the United States achieving his recent brilliant successes there, for a final FAREWELL SERIES OF READINGS in this country. Their proposals were at once accepted by MR. DICKENS, in a manner highly gratifying to them.

The Series will commence in the ensuing autumn, and will comprehend, besides London, some of the chief towns in England, Ireland, and Scotland. It is scarcely necessary for MESSRS. CHAPPELL and Co. to add that any announcement made in connexion with these FAREWELL READINGS will be strictly adhered to, and considered final; and that on no consideration whatever will MR. DICKENS be induced to appoint an extra night in any place in which he shall have been once announced to read for the last time.

All communications to be addressed to MESSRS. CHAPPELL and Co., 50, New Bond-street, London, W.

Just published, bound in cloth, price 5s. 6d.,

THE NINETEENTH VOLUME.

The Right of Translating Articles from ALL THE YEAR ROUND is reserved by the Authors.

EAU DE VIE
PURE PALE BRANDY
certified
18/- Per Gallon



IN FRENCH BOTTLES. 36s. PER DOZ.—OR IN A CASE FOR THE COUNTRY, 39s.

RAILWAY CARRIAGE PAID

HENRY BRETT & CO

OLD FURNIVAL'S DISTILLERY, HOLBORN, E.C.,
 AND
REGENT ST., WATERLOO PLACE, LONDON, S.W.
 PRICES CURRENT FREE ON APPLICATION.

ANALYZATION.

Chemical Laboratory, London Hospital.

I have made a careful analysis of "Pale EAU-DE VIE," which was obtained in the ordinary way of business at the Establishment of HENRY BRETT & Co. in Holborn, and I find that it is a remarkably pure Spirit—the strength of which is a little greater than that of French Brandy of English Commerce. It is unusually free from acidity, and therefore offers a marked difference to all the Cognacs which I have examined.

I have no hesitation in saying that it is a wholesome Spirit, and that it is fit for all the purposes—Dietetical and Medical—for which the Brandies of France have hitherto been used.

(Signed),

HENRY LETHEBY, M.B.

Professor of Chemistry and Toxicology in the London Hospital
 and Chemical Referee to the Corporation of London

June 8th, 1864.

GRANT & Co. LONDON, MANCHESTER & PARIS

THE
LONDON
MAGAZINE
AND
LITERARY
REVIEW
FOR
1844
PUBLISHED
BY
C. WHARRIS,
BEAUFORT HOUSE,
STRAUD.



HENRY BRETT & CO.,
DISTILLERS AND IMPORTERS,
OLD FURNIVAL'S DISTILLERY, HOLBORN BARS,
 AND
30, REGENT STREET, LONDON.
 ESTABLISHED 1829.

TERMS: NETT CASH. | BANKERS: THE BANK OF ENGLAND.

SPECIALTIES.

EAU DE VIE, PURE BRANDY . . .	PER GALLON.	18/-
UNSOPHISTICATED GIN—As FROM THE STILL.	Do.	13/6
CLARET, VIN DE BORDEAUX SOUND AND PURE.	PER DOZEN.	14/-
VIN ROUGE MASDEU—CRUSTED . . .	Do.	24/-
CHEAP AND ADMIRABLE SUBSTITUTE FOR PORT.		
MARSALA—THE FINEST IMPORTED . . .	Do.	18/-
SHERRY "XEREZ"—RECOMMENDED WITH CONFIDENCE	Do.	25/-
PORT, "Oporto" OLD AND CHOICE . . .	Do.	48/-
BURGUNDY—WHITE SPARKLING, ELEGANT WINE. .	Do.	36/-
CHAMPAGNE—OWN BRAND, DRY & DELICATE .	Do.	46/-

RAILWAY CARRIAGE PAID.

PRICES CURRENT ON APPLICATION,

CONTAINING

QUOTATIONS AND DESCRIPTIONS OF EVERY VARIETY

OF

WINES AND SPIRITS,

FROM THE LOWEST TO THE HIGHEST QUALITIES.

MUTUAL LIFE ASSURANCE.

THE CORPORATION OF

The Scottish Provident *Institution*

ESTABLISHED 1837.

INCORPORATED 1848.

No. 6 St. Andrew Square, Edinburgh.

STATEMENT OF PRINCIPLES.

THE SCOTTISH PROVIDENT INSTITUTION is a Mutual Assurance Society, in which, consequently, the Whole Profits belong to the assured. The Policyholders are at the same time specially exempt from personal liability.

The Premiums

being founded on modern *data*, are charged at such a rate only as secures the perfect safety of the original contract. They are nearly as moderate as the *non-participating* scale of the Proprietary Companies. At early and middle ages they are about a fourth lower than in the other Scottish Mutual Offices; so that the sum charged by them, say at age 30, for an assurance of £1000, will secure £1250 in this Office.

Division of Surplus.

THE SYSTEM on which the Profits are divided is specially fitted for dealing with a surplus arising from moderate Premiums. The Assurance itself having been provided to all the Members at the lowest rates which are perfectly safe, it takes up their interest in the surplus at the point when they become really contributors to the profits, and thus gives a legitimate advantage to those who have mainly created the fund by which the assurances on the early deceasing Members, as well as their own, are made good.

The Surplus is reserved exclusively for those Members whose Premiums, with accumulated interest at four per cent, amount to the sums Assured—no share being given to those by whose death there is actual loss to the common fund. It is allocated at each Septennial Investigation to those whose Policies are in this position, shares being also set aside for those whose Policies will be so in the course of the next seven years, to rest on the accumulation being completed.

The surplus being thus divided among a limited number of the contributors, the share falling to each is necessarily greater than it would be were the usual mode of division adopted.

The Practical Working of the System

has been that, at the three septennial Divisions, nearly £200,000 of surplus have been distributed among the Members, affording additions to their Policies not far short of £300,000. At the last division 2492 Members participated, the additions varying (according to the circumstances which influenced their several values) from 16 or 18 to 30 per cent. Policies for £1000 which shared for the first time were

LONDON OFFICE: 18 KING WILLIAM STREET, E.C.

J. MUIR LEITCH, *Local Secretary.*

The Scottish Provident Institution.

increased to sums varying from £1160 to £1300 ; policies of like amount, which shared at the two last divisions, have been raised to £1300 or £1450 ; while those which have shared at all the three Investigations have been increased to £1400, £1600, and in some instances even to upwards of £1800.

Administration.

This Institution has taken a leading part in the relaxation of restrictions on Policies, and in the removal of grounds of challenge. Nearly twenty years since—at the General Meeting in 1849, the rule was adopted that error in the original statements of the proposer or his referees should not involve forfeiture, unless proved to have been "*fraudulent as well as untrue*;" and, at the same meeting, the forfeiture which attached to death by capital punishment, by duelling, and even by SUICIDE (unless occurring within six months), was removed.

Foreign Residence and Travel.—Members (not seafaring men) are now at liberty to travel or reside, *free of extra charge*, in any part of the world (Asia excepted) to the north of 35° N., and to the south of 30° S. Licences for places beyond the free limits are given on liberal terms ; and when an extra premium is charged, it has the advantage, according to the equitable principle of the Office, of bringing the assured sooner to participate in profits. Certificates of total exemption from restriction, *after five years*, are granted on the same conditions as formerly ; and the Directors are also now empowered to give such exemption, *from the first*, on payment of a small additional contribution.

Extent of Business.

The course of the Institution has been throughout steadily progressive—the yearly business having, without any undue pressure, reached an amount such as even the oldest Offices have rarely attained. Nearly 18,000 Policies in all have been issued. During the last five years the new Policies issued have averaged annually above 1000 in number, and £500,000 in sums assured.

Realised Fund.

The Realised Fund amounted on 31st December last to £1,365,365 : 12 : 10—all invested in unexceptionable securities—the increase in the year, after writing off sums on account of Office Premises and Furniture, being £124,596 : 15s.

A detailed Statement of the **Investments** is given in the Annual Report. In reference to these, Mr. James Peddie, Writer to the Signet, one of a Special Committee appointed last year to review the securities, after describing the thorough nature of the investigation, said—"*I have the utmost confidence in assuring the Society that the statement of our Realised Fund is a thoroughly safe one. I have never seen any list of securities of that extent which were all of so perfectly satisfactory a character. I have great pleasure in bearing my testimony to that part of the Report.*"

Forms of Proposal, and every information, may be obtained at the Head Office, or through any of the Agents.

JAMES WATSON, *Manager.*

EDINBURGH, May 1868.

The Scottish Provident Institution.

TABLE OF PREMIUMS, BY DIFFERENT MODES OF PAYMENT,
For Assurance of £100 at Death—With Profits.

Age.	Annual Premium payable during Life.	ANNUAL PREMIUM LIMITED TO			Single Payment.	Age.
		Twenty-one Payments.	Fourteen Payments.	Seven Payments.		
21	£1 16 3	£2 10 6	£3 4 11	£5 10 0	£33 0 1	21
22	1 16 9	2 11 0	3 5 9	5 11 0	33 5 10	22
23	1 17 2	2 11 6	3 6 5	5 12 1	33 11 2	23
24	1 17 7	2 12 1	3 6 11	5 13 1	33 16 5	24
25	1 18 0	2 12 6	3 7 3	5 14 0	34 2 0	25
26	1 18 6	2 13 0	3 7 10	5 14 11	34 8 2	26
27	1 19 2	2 13 6	3 8 7	5 15 11	34 16 1	27
28	1 19 11	2 14 1	3 9 5	5 17 1	35 4 9	28
29	2 0 8	2 14 8	3 10 3	5 18 6	35 14 1	29
*30	2 1 6	2 15 4	3 11 2	6 0 1	36 4 0	*30
31	2 2 6	2 16 2	3 12 1	6 1 10	36 14 6	31
32	2 3 5	2 17 1	3 13 2	6 3 8	37 5 5	32
33	2 4 6	2 18 0	3 14 4	6 5 8	37 17 2	33
34	2 5 7	2 19 0	3 15 7	6 7 9	38 9 7	34
35	2 6 10	3 0 2	3 16 11	6 10 0	39 2 9	35
36	2 8 2	3 1 5	3 18 4	6 12 5	39 16 11	36
37	2 9 8	3 2 9	3 19 11	6 15 0	40 12 4	37
38	2 11 3	3 4 3	4 1 7	6 17 9	41 8 7	38
39	2 12 11	3 5 9	4 3 4	7 0 7	42 5 4	39
40	2 14 9	3 7 5	4 5 2	7 3 7	43 2 10	40
41	2 16 8	3 9 2	4 7 2	7 6 8	44 0 11	41
42	2 18 8	3 11 1	4 9 3	7 9 11	44 19 9	42
43	3 0 11	3 13 1	4 11 5	7 13 3	45 19 3	43
44	3 3 3	3 15 3	4 13 10	7 16 9	46 19 7	44
45	3 5 9	3 17 6	4 16 4	8 0 7	48 0 8	45
46	3 8 5	4 0 0	4 19 1	8 4 6	49 2 8	46
47	8 11 5	4 2 8	5 2 1	8 8 8	50 5 8	47
48	3 14 8	4 5 8	5 5 4	8 13 2	51 9 7	48
49	3 18 1	4 8 9	5 8 9	8 17 11	52 14 1	49
50	4 1 7	4 12 1	5 12 4	9 2 10	53 19 3	50
51	4 5 6	4 15 5	5 16 1	9 7 11	55 4 5	51
52	4 9 5	4 18 10	5 19 11	9 13 1	56 9 0	52
53	4 13 5	5 2 5	6 3 11	9 18 3	57 12 11	53
54	4 17 8	5 6 3	6 8 0	10 3 5	58 17 2	54
55	5 1 11	5 10 2	6 12 1	10 8 6	60 0 8	55

The Rates for higher Ages will be supplied on application.

* EXAMPLE.—A person aged 30 may secure £1000 at death, by a yearly payment, *during Life*, of £20 : 18s. This Premium, if paid to any other of the Mutual Offices, would secure a Policy for £800 only, instead of £1000.

Or, if unwilling to burden himself with payments during his whole life, he may secure the same sum of £1000 (entitled of course to Profits), by *twenty-one* yearly payments of £27 : 13 : 4,—being thus relieved of payment, before he has passed the prime of life, for a Premium nearly the same as most Offices require during the whole term of life.

The Scottish Provident Institution.

THE REPORT to the THIRTIETH ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING showed 1373 NEW PROPOSALS accepted, assuring £621,574;—NEW PREMIUMS, £21,189:16:11, with £10,845:0:6 as the price of Annuities. The CLAIMS amounted to £80,423:5s., being less by 28 per cent than is provided for in the Office Table.

Position of the Society at 31st December 1867.

Issued in all 17,704 Policies, assuring £8,141,346:13s., of which subsisting 13,168, for £6,068,539:9s. Receipts in 1867, £234,897:3:11. REALISED FUND (increased in the year by £124,596:15s.), £1,365,365:12:10.

The CHAIRMAN, EDMUND BAXTER, Esq., Auditor of the Court of Session, moved the approval of the Report, adverting to the prudent and cautious management which had characterised the early history of the Society.

The Rev. Dr. FINLAYSON, in moving thanks to the Directors, said—Although this motion is, in a great measure, one of courtesy and form, and requires no speech to recommend it, I may be permitted to say a word or two regarding our Society, considered from my professional point of view.

It has always seemed to me that, of all classes in the community, clergymen were specially interested in such Institutions as this, as a means of enabling them to make provision for their families. In most departments of commercial life men may hope, by skill and enterprise, to secure, if not wealth, a moderate competency for their families; but a clergyman, at least in Scotland, can hardly hope to do that in any other way than by a Life Assurance. His social position is rather above his income. His education, his character and office, give him a high place in society, and his limited income is often sorely taxed to meet the expenditure which that position entails, if he is to maintain it with any degree of respectability.

How, then, is he to make even a scanty provision for his family in view of his being prematurely removed by death? His great difficulty on this point is in the beginning of his career, when his family are young and entirely dependent, and when his ordinary expenditure is heaviest. Were he certain—which no man is—that he would live to see his family educated and sent out to fight their way in the world, he might have little anxiety; but he may be removed when they are young, and, as his whole professional income ceases with his life, his widow and children are thus left destitute and dependent on precarious charity to struggle with great and very painful difficulties.

His only way of providing against this calamity is by the facilities which such Societies as this afford. By a limited annual payment, exacted from him with all the force

of a most sacred obligation, he can secure a certain sum payable to them on his death. With him, therefore, if he is a prudent man, and has no independent patrimony, it is scarcely a question whether he shall effect an Insurance on his life. The only question is,—how or where can he do so to the best advantage? At least that is the way in which I viewed the matter. The question I put to myself was,—How can I, for the premium which I can afford to give, secure the largest sum, consistent with perfect safety, in the event of my early death? I was therefore led to examine very carefully the principles and rates of various Societies, and found that the SCOTTISH PROVIDENT most fully met my view. I found that I could secure a sum of about £1200 in this Society for an annual premium which, in several other Societies, would secure me only about £1000. No doubt, if I continued a Member of these Societies for fifteen or twenty years, the £1000 Policy would be increased to £1200 or more by Bonus Additions; but my anxiety was to make the largest provision at once, and the distant prospect of such Bonus Additions had less charm for me than the larger sum at once secured by the terms of this Institution. Besides, I saw that in the event of my paying so many premiums as to cover the Society from all loss upon my Policy, I became entitled to share in subsequent Profits; and it seemed to me to be in accordance with reason and common sense, that those only who, by their numerous payments, create the Profits, should receive them.

These views, which led me to join this Society, have been confirmed by fuller reflection; and I greatly rejoice in the Report given us to-day of the prosperous state of its affairs. It seems to me that the SCOTTISH PROVIDENT INSTITUTION has a special claim to the consideration and support of the members of the profession to which I belong.

Full Copies of the Report may be had; and also of last INVESTIGATION Report, with MAP showing the extended limits of free travelling and residence.

DUBLIN OFFICE: 16 COLLEGE GREEN.

WILLIAM WILSON, Local Secretary.

June, 1868

CHAPMAN & HALL'S LIST
OF
NEW BOOKS AND NEW EDITIONS.

VENEZUELA; OR, SKETCHES OF LIFE IN A SOUTH AMERICAN REPUBLIC; with the History of the Loan of 1864. By EDWARD B. EASTWICK, C.B., F.R.S. Demy 8vo. With Map. 16s.

A SUMMER IN ICELAND. By C. W. PAIHULL, Professor of Geology in the University of Upsala. Translated by the Rev. M. R. BARNARD, B.A. Demy 8vo. With Illustrations and Map. 14s.

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF THE OLD NORTHMEN. Translated from the Posthumous Works of R. KEYSER, late Professor of History at the Royal University in Christiania, Norway. By the Rev. M. R. BARNARD, B.A. Crown 8vo. 4s. 6d.

THE ROMANCE OF DUELLING. By A. STEINMETZ. 2 vols. Post 8vo. 21s.

TWO THOUSAND YEARS HENCE. By HENRY O'NEIL, A.R.A. With Frontispiece and Vignette by J. GILBERT. Crown 8vo. 9s.

"BONES AND I;" OR, THE SKELETON AT HOME. By G. J. WHYTE MELVILLE. Crown 8vo. 9s.

EGMONT: a TRAGEDY. By GOETHE. Translated from the original German, by ARTHUR DUKE COLERIDGE, M.A. With Entr'actes and Songs by BEETHOVEN, newly arranged from the Full Score, and SCHUBERT's Song, "Freudvoll und Leidvoll," and an Illustration by J. E. MILLAIS, Esq., R.A. Crown 8vo. Bevelled cloth. 8s. 6d.

SPEECHES OF THE EARL OF SHAFTESBURY, K.G., upon Subjects having relation chiefly to the Claims and Interests of the Labouring Class. With a Preface. Crown 8vo. 8s.

NOT TOO LATE. A Story. By the Author of "Only George." 2 vols. Crown 8vo.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE LIFE OF MASSIMO D'AZEGLIO. Translated, with Notes and an Introduction, by Count MAFFEI. 2 vols. Post 8vo. 24s.

"Madame Ricci gave these papers to the world. In Italy, at least, they have been widely read and admired; and they are now published by Count Maffei in two volumes of racy, brisk, and idiomatic English, for which the Count deserves our heartiest thanks. Such a book, besides being fresh and win-

ning in its style, is of solid moment in its matter. It is not only the record of a noble life, but the history of a great revolution; and those who wish to comprehend the New Italy should study in these pages the Old Italy out of which it has been made."
—*Athenæum*.

IRELAND UNDER BRITISH RULE. By Lieut.-Col. H. J. W. JERVIS.
M.P. Demy 8vo. 12s.

CHRONICLES AND CHARACTERS. By the Hon. ROBERT LYTTON
(Owen Meredith). In 2 vols. Post 8vo. 24s.

"With the pseudonym of Owen Meredith, Mr. Lytton has cast away many of the defects that disfigured the promise of his early youth. That his first poems possessed a graceful charm is proved by the popularity they attained both in this country and in America; but that they very insufficiently represented the writer's powers is attested by the superiority of his later volumes. . . . Whatever may have been the diversity of critical opinion as to the poetical worth of Mr. Lytton's first published volumes, no one can deny that 'Chronicles and Characters' eminently deserves that 'patient perusal' which the author says in his preface 'I presume not

to hope from many readers,' but which, nevertheless I claim as a preliminary to any final judgment of a work 'which has occupied nearly seven years of my life.' The range of these studies is so extensive, the subjects so diverse, that it is difficult in a limited space to give any sufficient idea of the depth of thought, the patient labour, and the genuine enthusiasm Mr. Lytton has brought to bear on nearly every page of his work. . . . Our space forbids us to enlarge further on the merits of Mr. Lytton's new work. Seven years' labour has not been ill bestowed on volumes that will win him a rank and name in the hierarchy of English poets."—*Times*.

LIFE OF SIR WALTER RALEIGH, 1552-1618. By JAMES AUGUSTUS
ST. JOHN. 2 vols. Post 8vo. 18s.

"He has laid under contribution the records of Simancas, and has certainly derived valuable information both from them and from the letters of the French and Venetian ambassadors to their respective Courts. But in English contemporary papers we can imagine statements which may be explicit enough, and which yet ought to be dismissed at once, or received with distrustful caution. At any rate our faith in them must be influenced entirely

by the character of the writers, for there never was a time when politicians so habitually used both speech and writing to conceal their thoughts. But, when Mr. St. John rewrites any part of the Life, at least he puts his points clearly and forcibly; and while we often cannot admit that things must have been as he says, yet we can never say that his speculations are impossible, or even unlikely."—*Saturday Review*.

A STUDY OF THE WORKS OF ALFRED TENNYSON. By
EDWARD CAMPBELL TAINSH. Crown 8vo., bevelled. 6s.

"Mr. Tainsh has gone through nearly all the poems, one by one, educing and developing their inward meaning in a way which leaves little to be desired. The critic's mind, open to every beauty of his author, is happy in its duty of love, and moves with a calm and gracious ease. The arrangement of the poems into groups is original and judicious. Much space is also rightly given to the consideration of 'In Memoriam.'"—*Fortnightly Review*.

"Mr. Tainsh shows that he has a true love of the poet's art, and he writes both gracefully and thoughtfully. He has the right to speak which comes from an ardent appreciation of the beauties of his author, and an elaborate series of studies."—*Saturday Review*.

"This is an admirable analysis of the works of one poet by another poet. Another poet we say,

though we have never seen any of Mr. Tainsh's poetry, and are not even aware that he ever wrote any. Still, in the best and highest sense of the word, he is a true poet."—*Globe*.

"We commend Mr. Tainsh's work to many to whom the writings of our great poet are a sealed book."—*Spectator*.

"Mr. Tainsh has performed his task satisfactorily."—*London Review*.

"We think we shall have shown our readers that there is a good deal in Mr. Tainsh's volume worth their notice."—*Literary Churchman*.

"All true lovers of the works of the greatest poet of our times may well thank Mr. Tainsh for the admirable volume before us. Very cordially we recommend the book to all lovers of true poetry."—*Churchman's Shilling Magazine*.

CHURCH VESTMENTS: THEIR ORIGIN, USE, AND ORNAMENT. By ANASTASIA DOLBY, formerly Embroideress to the Queen, and Author of "Church Embroidery, Ancient and Modern." Square fcap., with 40 Plates, and large Frontispiece printed in Colours, illustrating "A Pontifical High Mass." 21s.

CHURCH EMBROIDERY, ANCIENT AND MODERN. By the same. Square fcap. With 20 Plates and handsome Frontispiece. 12s.

ENGLISH SEAMEN AND DIVERS. By ALPHONSE ESQUIROS. Crown 8vo. 10s. 6d.

LAST WINTER IN ALGERIA. By Mrs. H. LLOYD EVANS. Crown 8vo., with a Map. 10s. 6d.

NARRATIVE OF A JOURNEY THROUGH ABYSSINIA. By

HENRY DUFTON. Post 8vo., with Three Maps. 10s. 6d. Second Edition.

"A genuine book of Abyssinian travel could scarcely appear at a more fortunate moment than the present... Mr. Dufton is an honest and a simple traveller. He delivers a round unvarnished tale.... It is only justice to say that his descriptions of scenery are excellent."—*Saturday Review*.

"This book is just what it purports to be. The

style is unaffected and sometimes graphic. These, however, are not the only attractions of the narrative. It affords an interesting *coup d'œil* of Abyssinia and its people, taken on the spot by an intelligent Englishman, remarkably free from the prejudices which generally distinguish our roving countrymen."

—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

THE INSECT WORLD: a Popular Account of the Orders of Insects.

By LOUIS FIGUIER. Demy 8vo., with 564 Woodcuts, and 12 full-page Illustrations. 20s.

THE OCEAN WORLD: being a Descriptive History of the Sea and its Inhabitants. From the French of LOUIS FIGUIER. Demy 8vo., with 427 Illustrations. 20s.

THE WORLD BEFORE THE DELUGE. By LOUIS FIGUIER. With 25 Ideal Landscapes of the Ancient World, designed by RIOU, and 208 figures of Animals, Plants, and other Fossil Remains and Restorations. Second edition, revised and enlarged by H. W. BRISTOW, F.R.S., of the Geological Survey of England and Wales. Demy 8vo., cloth. 16s.

THE VEGETABLE WORLD. By LOUIS FIGUIER. With 447 Illustrations, drawn chiefly from Nature, by M. FAQUET, and 24 full-page Illustrations. Demy 8vo., cloth. 16s.

EUROPEAN ARMAMENTS IN 1867. By CAPTAIN BRACKENBURY, R.A., Assistant Director of Artillery Studies. Post 8vo. 5s.

THE ENGLISH CONSTITUTION. By WALTER BAGEHOT. Post 8vo. 9s.

"So full of true and sagacious thought that no one will ever again set himself to study the English Constitution without consulting it."—*Saturday Review*.

"Perhaps the most characteristic fact about this little book is that, dealing with such a subject, it should be very pleasant reading."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

"Much knowledge admirably conveyed."—*Edinburgh Review*.

"The author, before known only as an economist, here exhibits a remarkable degree of political sagacity. His work is more interesting and upon a higher level than that in which the celebrated statesman—Lord Russell—when young, treated the same subject."—*Revue des deux Mondes*.

"We have learnt much from this book, and believe that it will live beyond the present day."—*Spectator*.

NORWAY: ITS PEOPLE, PRODUCTS, AND INSTITUTIONS

By the Rev. JOHN BOWDEN. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.

THE WORKS OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE. Edited by the Rev.

ALEXANDER DYCE. Now complete, 9 vols. demy. 4l. 4s.

"The best text of Shakespeare which has yet appeared.... Mr. Dyce's edition is a great work worthy of his reputation, and for the present it contains the standard text."—*Times*.

"We have no space for more than a word of welcome to Mr. Dyce's new and beautifully printed edition of the works of Shakespeare. As a critic of Shakespeare, Mr. Dyce combines qualifications which have never before met in one man; and, fearlessly following his own judgment, he is giving us an edition worthy of both editor and poet."—*Quarterly Review*.

"A comprehensive Glossary to Shakespeare, just issued, completes the notable edition of the poet's works, for which we are indebted to Mr. Dyce.

To say that it is the best Glossary to Shakespeare yet published would be a measure of praise altogether inadequate to express the great merits of this compilation. In accuracy, felicity of explanation, and in all that constitutes the efficiency of such a work, we think that Mr. Dyce's Glossary will remain for a long time, as it certainly is at present, unrivalled."—*Athenæum*.

"The most valuable contribution made of late years to Shakespeare literature is decidedly Mr. Dyce's ninth volume.... To those who merely now and then take up Shakespeare it will be most useful; to those who study him, a necessity."—*Westminster Review*.

THOMAS CARLYLE'S WORKS.

HISTORY OF FRIEDRICH THE SECOND, called Frederick the Great. By THOMAS CARLYLE. In Demy 8vo. 6 vols. Portraits and Maps. Price 6*l*.

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION: a HISTORY. By THOMAS CARLYLE. In 2 vols. Crown 8vo. Price 12*s*.

OLIVER CROMWELL'S LETTERS AND SPEECHES, with Elucidations and Connecting Narrative. By THOMAS CARLYLE. In 3 vols. Crown 8vo. Price 18*s*.

LIFE OF JOHN STERLING AND LIFE OF SCHILLER. By THOMAS CARLYLE. 1 vol. Crown 8vo. Price 6*s*.

CRITICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS ESSAYS. By THOMAS CARLYLE. In 4 vols. Crown 8vo. Price 24*s*.

SARTOR RESARTUS AND HERO WORSHIP. By THOMAS CARLYLE. In 1 vol. Crown 8vo. Price 6*s*.

LATTER DAY PAMPHLETS. By THOMAS CARLYLE. In 1 vol. Crown 8vo. Price 6*s*.

CHARTISM, AND PAST AND PRESENT. By THOMAS CARLYLE. In 1 vol. Crown 8vo. Price 6*s*.

TRANSLATIONS FROM GERMAN ROMANCE. By THOMAS CARLYLE. In 1 vol. Crown 8vo. Price 6*s*.

WILHELM MEISTER. By GOETHE. A Translation, by THOMAS CARLYLE. In 2 vols. Crown 8vo. Price 12*s*.

ENGLISH WRITERS.

By HENRY MORLEY,

PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH LITERATURE IN UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON.

Vol. I. Part I. Price 12*s*.

THE CELTS AND ANGLO-SAXONS.

With an Introductory Sketch of the Four Periods of English Literature.

Vol. I. Part II. Price 10*s*.

FROM THE CONQUEST TO CHAUCER.

Vol. II. Part I. Price 12*s*.

FROM CHAUCER TO DUNBAR.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF OLIVER GOLDSMITH. By JOHN FORSTER. Post 8vo. With 40 Illustrations. 4th Edition. 7*s*. 6*d*.

THE HOLY LAND. By W. HEPWORTH DIXON. A New Edition. One vol. Post 8vo. With 2 Steel and 12 Wood Engravings. 10*s*. 6*d*.

THE WORKS OF WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR. 2 vols. Imp. 8vo. 21*s*.

THE ROYAL CONFECTIONER. By C. E. FRANCAPELLI. New Edition. Post 8vo. With many Illustrations. 9s.

A TRAVELLING ATLAS OF THE ENGLISH COUNTIES. By SYDNEY HALL. With all the Railroads accurately laid down, and the Boundaries Coloured. Demy 8vo. Roan tuck. 10s. 6d.

OWEN MEREDITH'S POEMS. Collective Edition. Fcap. 8vo. Cloth. 2 vols., each 6s.

LUCILE. A Poem. By OWEN MEREDITH. With 24 Illustrations by DU MAURIER. 15s.

HENRY TAYLOR'S PLAYS AND POEMS. New and complete Edition. 3 vols. Fcap. 8vo. Cloth. Sold separately as follows:—

PHILIP VAN ARTEVELDE. By HENRY TAYLOR. Fcap 8vo. Eighth Edition. 5s.

EDWIN THE FAIR, AND ISAAC COMNENUS. By HENRY TAYLOR. Fcap. 8vo. Fifth Edition. 5s.

A SICILIAN SUMMER, ST. CLEMENT'S EVE, &c. By HENRY TAYLOR. Fcap. 8vo. A New Edition. 5s.

THE EPOCHS OF PAINTING. A Biographical and Critical Essay on Painting and Painters of all Times and many Places. By RALPH N. WORNUM. With numerous Illustrations. Demy 8vo. Cloth. 20s.

THE CHARACTERISTICS OF STYLES. An Introduction to the Study of the History of Ornamental Art. By RALPH N. WORNUM. In Royal 8vo. Cloth. With many Illustrations. Second Edition. 8s.

NEW NOVELS.

THE MARSTONS. By HAMILTON AÏDÉ. 3 vols. Post 8vo.

"There is nothing in this novel of a sensational character, but there are several chapters of pathos and passion. But though the story is extremely interesting, we think Mr. Aïdé's chief forte lies in the delineation of character. His book contains a complete gallery of portraits, most of them apparently photographed from life, and all bearing more or less evidence of truthful picturing. . . . It is a proof of

their distinctness and reality that they remain clearly imprinted on the reader's mind after he has finished the book. . . . As for our readers, we advise those among them who enjoy a clever, vivacious story, to make acquaintance with Olivia, and Madame Stellins, and Miss Pringle, and old Thorpe, for we are sure they will not regret our recommendation."—*Times*.

THE DREAM NUMBERS. By T. A. TROLLOPE. 3 vols. Crown 8vo.

"We welcome Mr. Trollope back to his old Italian ground. . . . Central Italy is as familiar to him as Fleet-street was to Dr. Johnson. He knows every mountain track, every city nook and corner, and all the human ins and outs of Italian character. To read him is to be in Italy; and to read 'The Dream

Numbers' is to have supped with the Widow Monaldi to have looked into the eyes of the beautiful Regina Bartoli. . . . 'The Dream Numbers' is a novel that readers cannot fail to enjoy and appreciate."—*Imperial Review*.

TONIC BITTERS. By LEIGH KNIGHT. 2 vols. Crown 8vo.

"Though her book is distinctly a book with a moral purpose, she is content to let the action of the story inculcate the lesson to which her title points. . . . Miss Knight has produced a story which will not

be so widely popular as, having regard to the excellence of its doctrine and purpose, we could wish it to be."—*Athenæum*.

MYDDELTON POMFRET. By W. HARRISON AINSWORTH. 3 vols. Crown 8vo.

POOR HUMANITY. By F. W. ROBINSON. 3 vols. Crown 8vo.

CHARLES DICKENS' WORKS.

ILLUSTRATED LIBRARY EDITION.

With the Original Illustrations, 26 vols., post 8vo., cloth, 8s. per volume.

- PICKWICK PAPERS. With 43 Illustrations. 2 vols. 16s.
 NICHOLAS NICKLEBY. With 39 Illustrations. 2 vols. 16s.
 MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT. With 40 Illustrations. 2 vols. 16s.
 OLD CURIOSITY SHOP. With 36 Illustrations. 2 vols. 16s.
 BARNABY RUDGE. With 36 Illustrations. 2 vols. 16s.
 SKETCHES BY BOZ. With 39 Illustrations. 1 vol. 8s.
 OLIVER TWIST. With 24 Illustrations. 1 vol. 8s.
 DOMBEY AND SON. With 38 Illustrations. 2 vols. 16s.
 DAVID COPPERFIELD. With 38 Illustrations. 2 vols. 16s.
 PICTURES FROM ITALY, AND AMERICAN NOTES. With
 8 Illustrations. 1 vol. 8s.
 BLEAK HOUSE. With 40 Illustrations. 2 vols. 16s.
 LITTLE DORRIT. With 40 Illustrations. 2 vols. 16s.
 CHRISTMAS BOOKS. With 17 Illustrations. 1 vol. 8s.
 A TALE OF TWO CITIES. With 16 Illustrations. 1 vol. 8s.
 GREAT EXPECTATIONS. With 8 Illustrations. 1 vol. 8s.
 OUR MUTUAL FRIEND. With 40 Illustrations. 2 vols. 16s.

CHARLES DICKENS' WORKS.

THE "CHARLES DICKENS" EDITION. NOW PUBLISHING.

Volumes already published.

- THE PICKWICK PAPERS. With 8 Illustrations. 3s. 6d.
 MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT. With 8 Illustrations. 3s. 6d.
 OLIVER TWIST. With 8 Illustrations. 3s.
 DOMBEY AND SON. With 8 Illustrations. 3s. 6d.
 OLD CURIOSITY SHOP. With 8 Illustrations. 3s.,
 NICHOLAS NICKLEBY. With 8 Illustrations. 3s. 6d.
 DAVID COPPERFIELD. With 8 Illustrations. 3s. 6d.
 BARNABY RUDGE. With 8 Illustrations. 3s.
 CHRISTMAS BOOKS. With 8 Illustrations. 3s.
 BLEAK HOUSE. With 8 Illustrations. 3s. 6d.
 A TALE OF TWO CITIES. With 8 Illustrations. 3s.
 SKETCHES BY BOZ. With 8 Illustrations. 3s.
 AMERICAN NOTES AND REPRINTED PIECES. With 8 Illus-
 trations. 3s.
 LITTLE DORRIT. With 8 Illustrations. 3s. 6d.

CHARLES DICKENS' WORKS.

CHEAP AND UNIFORM EDITION.

With Frontispieces, 18 vols., crown 8vo., cloth.

- THE PICKWICK PAPERS. 5s.
NICHOLAS NICKLEBY. 5s.
MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT. 5s.
DOMBEY AND SON. 5s.
DAVID COPPERFIELD. 5s.
BLEAK HOUSE. 5s.
LITTLE DORRIT. 5s.
BARNABY RUDGE. 4s.
OLD CURIOSITY SHOP. 4s.
OLIVER TWIST. 3s. 6d.
SKETCHES BY BOZ. 3s. 6d.
CHRISTMAS BOOKS. 3s. 6d.
GREAT EXPECTATIONS. 3s. 6d.
AMERICAN NOTES. 2s. 6d.
A TALE OF TWO CITIES. 3s.
THE UNCOMMERCIAL TRAVELLER. 3s.
HARD TIMES AND PICTURES FROM ITALY. 3s. 6d.
OUR MUTUAL FRIEND. 5s.

A CHILD'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND. By CHARLES DICKENS.
New and cheaper edition, with Illustrations by Marcus Stone. Crown
8vo., cloth. 6s.

Mr. DICKENS' READINGS.

Fcap. 8vo., sewed.

- A CHRISTMAS CAROL IN PROSE. 1s.
THE CRICKET ON THE HEARTH. 1s.
THE CHIMES. 1s.
THE STORY OF LITTLE DOMBEY. 1s.
THE POOR TRAVELLER, BOOTS AT THE HOLLY-TREE
INN, AND MRS. GAMP. 1s.

Just Published, price 12s. cloth,

THE NINTH VOLUME

OF THE

FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

EDITED BY

JOHN MORLEY.

The object of THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW is to become an organ for the unbiassed expression of many and various minds on topics of general interest in Politics, Literature, Philosophy, Science, and Art. Each contribution will have the gravity of an avowed responsibility. Each contributor, in giving his name, not only gives an earnest of his sincerity, but is allowed the privilege of perfect freedom of opinion, unbiassed by the opinions of the Editor or of fellow-contributors.

THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW is published on the 1st of every month (the issue on the 15th being suspended), price Two Shillings, and a Volume is completed every Six months.

The following are amongst the Contributors:—

GEORGE HENRY LEWES.
WALTER BAGEHOT.
FREDERIC HARRISON.
PROFESSOR BEESLY.
PROFESSOR HENRY MORLEY.
PROFESSOR TYNDALL.
PROFESSOR HUXLEY.
FREDERIC SEEBOHM.
EDWARD A. FREEMAN.
A. GALLENGA.
REV. G. W. COX.
REV. P. W. CLAYDEN.

REV. F. W. FARRAR.
REV. T. FOWLER.
REV. W. KIRKUS.
HERMAN MERIVALE.
JAMES GODKIN.
MONCURE D. CONWAY.
DR. ROWLAND WILLIAMS.
E. B. TYLOR.
R. H. PATTERSON.
J. HUTCHISON STIRLING.
THE EDITOR.
&c. &c. &c.

ACCIDENTS OF ALL KINDS,

WHEN

**WALKING, RIDING, DRIVING, HUNTING,
SHOOTING, &c.,**

(AS WELL AS RAILWAY ACCIDENTS ALONE)

May also be Assured against by taking an Annual Policy
OF THE

RAILWAY PASSENGERS' ASSURANCE COMPANY.

AN ANNUAL PAYMENT VARYING FROM

10s. to £6 5s.

According to the amount Assured, and the nature of the occupation, will
secure a fixed sum in case of Death by Accident of any kind, and an Allowance
in case of Disablement, either total or partial.

THIS COMPANY IS

The Oldest and Largest Accidental Assurance Company in
existence, and Empowered by Special Act of Parliament.

IT HAS A

CAPITAL OF ONE MILLION,

FULLY SUBSCRIBED, AS A GUARANTEE TO THE ASSURED.

PREMIUM INCOME, £105,000.

THE COMPANY, WITHOUT CHANGE OR AMALGAMATION, HAS ALREADY PAID

20,000 CLAIMS

FOR DEATHS AND INJURIES CAUSED BY

ACCIDENTS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,

TO THE AMOUNT OF

£400,000

As Compensation.

HEAD OFFICE: 64, CORNHILL,

And at all the principal Railway Stations in the Kingdom.

WILLIAM J. VIAN, Secretary.

EXCURSIONISTS



**£100 MAY SECURE
FOR THEIR FAMILIES**

IN CASE OF
DEATH BY RAILWAY ACCIDENT,
IN A TRIP OF ANY LENGTH,
With an allowance for themselves when hurt of £1 Os. Od. per Week
for a period not exceeding Six Months,
BY TAKING

**AN INSURANCE } TWO PENCE.
TICKET, COSTING }**

Premium to Insure £500 in a First Class Carriage of Excursion
Train, or £3 per Week for Injury—SIXPENCE.

N.B.—For Insurance Tickets ask the Clerk to whom you
Pay your Railway Fare.

64, CORNHILL.

WM. J. VIAN, *Secretary.*

GRANT & Co., LONDON, MANCHESTER, & PARIS.

[TURN OVER.]

2

3

4

5

6

7

8

OSLER'S GLASS CHANDELIERS, WALL LIGHTS, LUSTRES, TABLE GLASS, &c.

Glass Dinner Services for 12 persons, from £7 15s.
Glass Dessert Services for 12 persons, from £3 0s.

ALL ARTICLES MARKED IN PLAIN FIGURES.

Ornamental Glass, English and Foreign, suitable for Presents.

MESS, EXPORT, AND FURNISHING ORDERS PROMPTLY EXECUTED.

LONDON—Show-Rooms, 45, Oxford Street, W.

BIRMINGHAM—Manufactory and Show-Rooms, Broad Street.

ESTABLISHED 1807.

DINING-ROOM AND LIBRARY CHANDELIERS, IN BRONZE AND ORMOLD.

Candelabra, Moderator Lamps, in Bronze, Ormolu, China, and Glass; Statuettes, in Parian; Vases, and other
Ornaments; in a SHOW-ROOM erected expressly for these articles.

OSLER, 45, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.

ACCOUNT BOOKS

FOR


MERCHANTS & BANKERS

A LARGE STOCK, ALL RULINGS & BINDINGS

NISSEN & PARKER

43, MARK LANE LONDON

MANUFACTURING STATIONERS.



MRS S.A. ALLEN'S

This preparation never fails to restore Grey or Faded Hair
to its Original Color and Beauty.


It causes the Hair to grow
Thick and Strong.

It stops the Hair from
falling off.

It cures & prevents Baldness.

It is a perfect Hair Restorer
and Hair Dressing com-
bined.

Sole Office: 26d, High Holborn, London, W.C.



HAIR RESTORER

**KEATING'S INSECT DESTROYING
POWDER, KILLS FLEAS AND BUGS.**

**KEATING'S INSECT DESTROYING
POWDER, KILLS BLACK BEETLES.**

**KEATING'S INSECT DESTROYING
POWDERS, KILLS MOTHS, and ALL OFFENSIVE
INSECTS.**

Sold in Packets, 1s., and Tins 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d. each; or
1s. Packets, free by post, for 12 Postage Stamps. Also in
Bottles with Bellows, 1s. 6d. and 3s. each, by THOMAS
KEATING, Chemist, 79, St. Paul's Churchyard, London,
E.C.

RED LAND, NEAR HIGHWORTH, WILTS,
June 19th, 1867.

SIR,—I am glad to inform you that your Insect
Destroying Powder has done its duty towards destroy-
ing bugs and fleas, and all sorts of other insects, and as it
answers my purpose so well, I want another packet, if you
please. With thanks, I remain your humble Servant,
To Mr. KEATING. RUBEN ELDRIDGE.

KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES.—The
best and safest remedy for COUGHS.

KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES relieves
the difficulty of breathing in ASTHMA.

KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES—
ARE DAILY RECOMMENDED BY THE FACULTY.—Sold
in Boxes, 1s. 14d.; and Tins, 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d., and 12s. each, by

KEATING, Chemist, 79, St. Paul's Churchyard,
London, E.C. Sold retail by all Druggists, &c.

Testimonial from Colonel HEWITT J.P. and A.L., and
Brigade, Cardiff Artillery Volunteers.
SER. MAJ. ELLIS, POSTY-PAID, GLANORAN,
May, 1868.

DEAR SIR,—I was attacked with a severe
cough, which your Lozenges removed in a few days.
My servants also, by taking your Lozenges, were soon cured.
I feel it a duty (to the public) to offer my testimony to
their efficacy, which you are at liberty to publish.
Yours truly,

To Mr. THOMAS KEATING.

W. HEWITT.